

GERBER/HART LIBRARY



3 0669 00013 9689

Gerber/Hart Library
and Archives

MASS MURDER IN HOUSTON

By

JOHN K. GURWELL

Cordovan Press
Houston



Mass Murder in Houston

Copyright © 1974 by Cordovan Press

All rights reserved, including the right to reproduce
this book or parts thereof in any form except
for the inclusion of brief quotations in a review.

For information address Cordovan Press,
5314 Bingle Road, Houston, Texas 77018.

First printing, January 1974

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 73-94251

Manufactured in the United States of America

And Evil, smiling brightly and bearing
Gifts, will move among you, bowing
Gracefully and sweeping the green with
The proud cockade which weights his fiery
Curls.

And you will accept him sweetly, yea,
Even so the Elders, who will pluck their
Beards and swear that never before has
The village been graced with such a
Presence.

But he will gather your sons beneath the
Mantle of scarlet which drapes from his
Shoulders like the clever Tents of the
Wicked; and you shall see your sons no
More.

Weep, then, as much for your blindness
As for the fruit of your loins; but let
Not your tears so cloud your eyes that
You recognize not Evil, bright smile and
Honeyed words, when once again he appears
At the village gate.

The Seeress

The First Day

The Pasadena Police Department was edging into a routine day. Uniformed patrolmen had reported at 6 a.m., then dispersed in their green and white cars to police the industrial city of some 100,000 that abuts Houston on the southeast.

By 8 a.m. detectives and clerks were at their desks in the modern police station, prepared to deal with problems as old as mankind. At the push-button switchboard, Chief Operator Velma Lines took incoming calls and routed them to the proper department with the flick of a finger.

A strained young voice blurted into her earphones: "I just shot a man. . ."

Her reaction was automatic. "Just a moment, please," she said while she transferred the call with a touch on a button to Dispatcher Ronnie Cornett.

Cornett lifted his receiver with his left hand. His right hand picked up a time card and inserted it in a time clock. "Dispatcher Cornett," he said into his phone.

The voice was hysterical, almost unintelligible. "I just shot a man and I want you. . . I want you. . ."

Cornett interrupted. "Who is this?"

"Wayne Henley."

"Wayne H-E-N-L-E-Y." Cornett spelled out the name. "Yes."

"Where are you?"

The young voice stumbled over the numerals and Cornett repeated combinations until he was certain of the address: 2020 Lamar. "Hold on a moment," he said crisply.

He activated the microphone jutting from the thin console. "361! 601!"

Cars 361 and 601 acknowledged with a crackle of static.

"Shooting reported at 2020 Lamar," Cornett said. He closed the microphone and dialed Lieutenant E. D. (Ed) Goad. Goad was in charge of the detective division.

Goad had heard the shooting report blare from the broadcast monitor centered in the detective squad room ceiling. So had Detective Sergeant D.M. (Dave) Mullican, who was sorting offense reports at his desk. He scribbled down the address and started toward Goad's office behind a huge plate glass wall that separated it from the squad room. Goad waved Mullican along and reached for his telephone to take Cornett's verbal report. Mullican went to the parking lot, got into his unmarked green and white Plymouth sedan and sped off.

The series of communications took hardly 15 seconds. Cornett returned to his caller, told him to stand by, that an officer would arrive on the scene within minutes. He then sat back to await the "arrival" call from 361. Idly, Cornett examined the time card. In the designated "time" square at the top was clearly imprinted in bright blue ink: AUG 8 8:24 AM 1973. It was a Wednesday.

361 was Patrolman A. B. Jamison. He received the call as he was cruising west on Southmore Street and approaching Shaver Street, one of the busiest intersections in the Pasadena business district. He swerved into Southmore's left-turn lane, slipped through the intersection into Shaver and sped south for half a mile to Lamar

Drive. He touched his siren switch only once, lightly, as he worked his way through traffic.

Turning right into Lamar Drive, Jamison drove cautiously. Lamar Drive was a two-block-long street — two long blocks — from Shaver to Allendale street. It began at Shaver and ran due west, then curved almost due north until it dead-ended into Allendale. Jamison drove past trim frame houses, children skipping along the curbs or playing in front yards in the early morning sunlight, teen-agers pumping away on bicycles. Soon he came to three people — two boys and a girl — standing on the sidewalk in front of a green and white frame house on the west side of the street. A white 1969 Dodge van stood in the driveway that ran along the north side of the house to disappear into an attached garage.

Jamison informed Dispatcher Cornett he had arrived at the scene of the shooting. Leaving the motor idling, he stepped from the car and confronted the three teen-agers. Their eyes were red as if they had been crying. Across the street two children paused in their play to stand and stare at the unaccustomed sight of a patrol car parked on their street.

A slightly built youth with wind-blown, sun-streaked, tawny hair and brown eyes identified himself as Wayne Henley. As he did so he reached back and picked up a .22 calibre pistol from the porch steps and handed it to Jamison. Jamison examined the weapon. Its six chambers held no live bullets, only empty hulls.

Henley wore the beginnings of a mustache, almost invisible in its blondness, and a stringy goatee. His body trembled and so did his voice when he spoke to Jamison. Beside Henley stood a small girl. Henley said she was Rhonda Louise Williams. Her mature body belied her youth. Long, wavy, light brown hair framed her child-like face. She was a tiny thing, hardly 5 feet 2 inches

tall. (A friend was to describe her as "15 going on 20 — a youngster's mind in a mature body and prodded by the emotions of a grown young woman.") She stood silent beside Henley, one hand clutching his arm. Rounding out the trio was a handsome youth with curly, shoulder-length hair, deep blue eyes and a band of silver braces on his teeth. He also was silent. Henley said he was Tim Kerley. It was a familiar tableau for this day and age, a policeman standing in front of a trio of teen-agers on a city street.

That was where Detective Mullican found the group as he braked to a halt at 2020 Lamar Drive. He questioned Henley briefly — just enough to establish that the youth had shot a man named "Corll" after getting loose from some handcuffs. He told Jamison to put the three youngsters in his patrol car and stand by. He mounted the steps to the porch just as an ambulance pulled up behind his green Plymouth. The ambulance driver was the "601" who had received and acknowledged Cornett's message.

Mullican opened the front door and stepped into what was a living room area. It was separated from the kitchen area by a long bar. On Mullican's left, midway along the living room-kitchen area and directly opposite the end of the bar, was the entrance to a hallway leading into the bathroom-bedroom area of the house. Mullican turned into the hallway, then stopped short.

Directly down the hallway, just beyond the door to the bathroom on Mullican's right, lay the naked body of a powerfully built man. His head was pillowed on his left arm with his nose buried in a beige carpet against the base of the hallway wall. The man's left shoulder and back were marked by several tiny holes. Dark lines of crusted blood from the wounds had flowed with almost geometrical precision down the contours of the muscular

back and shoulder into small black pools on the carpet. The man's legs were entangled in a long telephone cord attached to a red "Princess" telephone resting on the hallway floor by the man's toes.

Mullican stepped around the body and past it to peer through the first doorway he encountered. It opened into a small bedroom on the southwest corner of the house, just below the bathroom. The detective stepped into the room but halted quickly. The beige wall-to-wall carpeting was covered by a sheet of clear plastic. On the plastic lay a long, yellow pine board with handcuffs fastened to each corner, the connecting chains running through large holes bored in the wood. A roll of the plastic was in a corner, a large knife in its sheath in another. The only piece of furniture was a small table standing against the wall.

Mullican went to a telephone he had noticed on the bar and called Lieutenant Goad. He suggested that Goad take a personal look at this particular shooting scene. Goad said he would. Mullican hung up and told Jamison to take the three teen-agers to the police station. And he instructed the officer to see that their "rights" be read to them as soon as possible. He wanted them ready for questioning when he returned to the police station.

Goad drove up and Mullican led him on a brief tour of the premises. Goad left after a five-minute examination of the house, assuring Mullican he would receive any assistance he needed. He said he would send the police photographer.

There are 23 detectives on the Pasadena force, but the department's policy is to place the responsibility for a continuing investigation on the shoulders of the man initially assigned to it. This policy is designed to eliminate confusion that could result when too many investigators mill around the scene of a crime and "contami-

nate" it. Investigators constantly harken to the words of Inspector W. G. Wornick, a 33-year veteran of the force, that significant evidence may be lost or misplaced through duplication of effort, and too many statements can be mis-read and distorted when too many investigators participate.

Detective Sergeant Dave Mullican was thoroughly qualified by background and experience to hold up his end of this arrangement. He was a big-boned man of imposing height — 220 pounds on a 6 feet 2 inch frame — with a shock of dark brown hair above a broad face. His eyes were alert, at times searching, and they crinkled at the corners when he smiled. His long legs below a powerful chest propelled him at a pace that kept other officers almost scampering along to keep up. Mullican was 34, a native of Teague, Texas. He entered police work in Conroe, Texas, but a year later, on September 1, 1961, he joined the Pasadena department. He spent two years on the radio patrol, one year in the motorcycle division and three years as a narcotics officer. In 1970 he was transferred to the detective division and a year later he won advancement to the rank of sergeant through competitive examination.

Mullican was no stranger to violence. Yet, as his "scene" investigation progressed, he began to wonder about what he had gotten into. Methodically he examined and took notes on the layout and contents of the house at 2020 Lamar Drive and the white van parked in the driveway. He supervised the photographer as he took his crime scene pictures. He consulted with Eddie Knowles, an investigator for Dr. Joseph A. Jachimczyk, the Harris County Medical Examiner, before Knowles ordered the corpse taken to the morgue. (The ambulance refused to start once the body was placed in it and a truck was summoned from the police station to provide a "hot shot" current to turn the motor over.)

Identification cards showed the dead man was Dean Arnold Corll, 33, and that he worked for the Houston Lighting & Power Company as an electrician. Corll was 6 feet, 1 inch tall, weighed 200 pounds. His muscular body carried little fat. His thick, dark hair was worn fairly short.

Mullican learned from Knowles that Corll had been shot six times. From the front he had received two bullets, one in the shoulder and another in the head. There were four bullet holes in his left shoulder and back. Oddly, the bullet fired into Corll's head had penetrated just enough to lodge securely; the rear of the bullet protruded from the skull.

Mullican sketched the bedroom layout and recorded its contents in his report book, pondering as he did so the strange array of items he was listing. The large sheet of clear plastic covering the beige rug obviously had been cut from the roll of plastic in the corner. And obviously it was spread to protect the rug from whatever activity had been taking place. The roll was four feet wide. The board with the handcuffs attached to each corner measured 2½ feet wide and 8 feet long. Mullican found eight sets of handcuffs, including two sets in the living room area. Keys to the handcuffs were scattered about the floor. On the floor, also, was the large knife in a sheath — a huge bayonet-type weapon — a roll of binding tape, a black box containing a dildo 17 inches long, and a tube of petroleum jelly.

In the larger bedroom across the hall he found a gas mask or smoke mask that fitted completely over the face with vision afforded through the clear plastic front. The clothes closet was full of clothing.

The telephone rang as Mullican jotted down notes. He picked up the receiver and said, "Hello." A woman's voice asked, "Who are you?" Mullican answered, "Who are you?"

The caller said she was Dean Corll's step-mother. Mullican identified himself and told her that Dean Corll had been shot. She persisted in seeking details and, finally, Mullican told her that her step-son had been killed. He asked her to bring Corll's father to the police station where, Mullican said, he would give them all of the details.

He went on about his investigation. In the attached garage on the north side of the house he found traces of white dehydrated lime on the floor. The white van had a series of hooks protruding from the walls.

Mullican spent two hours at the scene. He made a final, deliberate tour, instructed the patrolman in front to keep the premises secure until relieved, then drove back to the police station. He puzzled over the strange array of items he had listed in his report. He had even jotted down the square unlit tank in the living room and the large goldfish who lazily floated just inside the glass wall, subjecting the detective to a poker-faced scrutiny.

Mullican reached the Pasadena police station at 10:30 a.m. He found Henley, Kerley and Rhonda Williams sitting in separate interview cubicles that ranged along the north end of the detective squad room. All three had been read their "rights" by Municipal Judge Russell Drake. They had not asked for attorneys nor had they requested that their parents be informed of their predicaments.

Lieutenant Goad had noticed the youngsters were upset when Jamison brought them in from 2020 Lamar Drive. But Henley appeared more "shook up" than Kerley or Rhonda, more, in fact, than most teen-agers caught up in trouble with the police. He passed this information to Mullican.

Mullican walked into Henley's interview room and closed the door. He sat Henley down in the chair beside

the small desk, took a chair himself and asked Henley what had happened. Thus began the interview; Pasadena detectives do not "interrogate" suspects because the connotation of that word conjures visions of backroom torture and confessions obtained under duress. They "interview" their prisoners. This was Mullican's approach. His voice was casual. It seemed to settle Henley down, though he would stammer occasionally at the outset as he reached for words to describe his experiences of the night before. Mullican did not push. He allowed the youth to tell his story in his own way. He sent out for cigarettes when Henley chain-smoked himself out of his own pack.

Henley said he lived in the Heights section of Houston at 325 West 27th Street, just south of North Loop 610. He had known Corll, off and on, for some years since Corll had also lived in the Heights. Corll had but recently moved to Pasadena and had invited him to a party. Henley, in turn, invited his friend Tim Kerley, and the two went to Corll's home at 2020 Lamar Drive at about 9:30 p.m. the night before in Kerley's Volkswagen. Henley, Kerley and Corll sat in the front room, laughing and talking and "bagging" paint — sniffing the fumes from acrylic paint sprayed into brown paper bags. Corll himself smoked pot and drank beer.

As the party progressed, Henley decided he wanted to see Rhonda Williams. She was his "girl friend" and they planned to run away in September. Corll had planned to quit his job September 1, then visit his mother in Colorado. And he had invited Henley and Rhonda to travel with him.

Henley didn't tell Corll he wanted to see Rhonda. Instead, he and Kerley told Corll they were going out for sandwiches. Once outside, Henley called Rhonda and they made plans for Rhonda to slip out of her house and meet them at an all-night washateria in the Heights. The

two youths went after her in Kerley's Volkswagen. Rhonda had a packed bag. The trio arrived back at Corll's house in Pasadena at 2:30 a.m.

Corll was incensed when Henley and Kerley walked in with the girl, and lashed out at Henley, "I thought you weren't going to get her until the first of the month!" But Henley smoothed things over, and soon the party was in full swing again — Henley, Kerley and Rhonda bagging paint and sniffing the fumes, Corll smoking pot and drinking beer. They sat in the alcove just off the living room and sniffed and smoked until the youths passed out.

Henley was the first to recover his senses — to find Corll handcuffing him. Kerley and Rhonda, their wrists and ankles already shackled, their lips sealed with masking tape, lay on the floor. Henley shook his head sharply to clear out the cobwebs, muttered in protest to Corll, attempted to stand up but fell over Kerley stretched out on the floor. And then his mind came alive and he stared up at Corll who was looming over him. Henley began to argue. Kerley and Rhonda, too, were regaining their senses and they, too, struggled with their handcuffs. They listened in growing disbelief as Corll launched into a tirade against them.

Corll threatened to kill them all. He brandished a pistol and a huge knife. He shouted that he had already killed some boys who had resisted him in the past and that he was going to kill them — "but first I'm going to have my fun!"

Henley's mind darted down possible avenues of escape. He settled on the only approach he thought might halt what Corll had in mind for him. Corll was a great talker. Henley began to "sweet-talk" him. He promised Corll that he would help torture Kerley and Rhonda, help kill them, if Corll would only free him. Corll grabbed Henley by his wrist handcuffs and dragged

him into the kitchen area where he further berated the youth and threatened him with gun and knife. But, finally, Corll was convinced that Henley would join him in killing his two friends.

Corll and Henley struck a bargain. The electrician would assault Kerley and Henley would rape Rhonda. Then they would kill the pair.

Daylight was creeping through the curtained windows of the living room as Corll unlocked Henley's handcuffs. Corll then picked up Kerley and disappeared down the hallway. Henley heard a scuffling and clinking of handcuffs. Then Corll returned, picked up Rhonda, and disappeared into the hallway again.

Henley was shaking in fear. He grabbed a paper bag and sniffed the paint fumes for a moment. Then he went down the hallway to the small bedroom to find Kerley and Rhonda stripped and shackled to a long board by handcuffs at wrists and ankles. Corll had disrobed his captives as he transferred them from their handcuffs to those on the board.

Corll also was nude and on his knees beside Kerley. He nodded toward Rhonda. Henley took off his clothes. He lay down beside Rhonda and tried to have intercourse with her but couldn't. Corll was trying to assault Kerley, but the youth was wriggling and trying to lash out with his shackled legs at his tormentor.

Rhonda was having trouble breathing. Henley stripped the tape from her mouth. She begged him to release her and get her out of the place. Corll, for some reason, stopped his activities momentarily and removed the tape from Kerley's lips. Kerley begged Corll to leave him alone.

Henley could see the pistol on the small table where Corll had left it. He got to his feet and told Corll he was going to the bathroom. He went. On his return he picked up the gun and pointed it down at Corll. He told Corll to

stop what he was doing. As he spoke, he sidled toward the bedroom door. Kerley was resisting Corll, thrashing about violently and crying in rage and frustration.

Corll looked up at Henley. His face reddened with anger. Henley told Corll that he would shoot if Corll came at him. But Corll came up off the floor in a lunge. "Kill me, Wayne," he challenged. "Kill me."

Henley pulled the trigger twice. One bullet struck Corll in the shoulder, the other in the head. As Corll's momentum carried him into Henley, the teen-ager deftly side-stepped. Corll went through the door, across the hall and bounced against the wall. Henley wheeled and emptied the pistol into Corll's back and shoulder. Corll's feet had become tangled in a long cord that stretched from the Princess telephone on the hallway floor to his own bedroom down the hall. He stumbled and crashed to the floor. He died with his head pillowed against his massive left arm and shoulder, his nose buried in a spreading pool of blood.

Rhonda Williams lay strung out and helpless along the yellow pine board on the plastic floor covering. Kerley, much taller than Rhonda and thus able to exercise more freedom of movement in his bonds, had twisted himself into a half-sitting position. Henley found a key on the floor and released them.

The three grabbed their clothing and filed back up the hallway past the bullet-torn body of their late host to the living room area. They dressed — and then collapsed from the strain of the incredible experience they had just survived. They broke into tears and sobbed until their tensions drained away. It took them 15 minutes to compose themselves. Then, Henley looked up the number of the Pasadena police department and called the police.

He retrieved Corll's pistol from the table where he had laid it, opened the front door for Rhonda and

Kerley, and the three stood on the sidewalk in front of the house until a patrol car rolled to a stop in front of them. As Officer Jamison got out, Henley handed him the pistol.

This was the story Henley related to Mullican.

Corll's father and stepmother arrived at the station with a family friend. Mullican left Henley to explain briefly to the Corlls what had occurred. His explanation angered the Corlls. Dean Corll, they insisted, had been "used" by the three teen-agers. He was not a homosexual and had never evidenced any homosexual tendencies. They said they did not believe Henley's story of events leading to Corll's death. Mullican could only tell them that he would talk to them later and tell them the results of his investigation when it was completed. He returned to his interview with Henley.

Mullican's interview with Henley began shortly after 10:30 a.m. and wore on for an hour and a half. Henley had a tendency to ramble and Mullican would inject a question now and then to get him back on the right track. The detective was following the teachings of Inspector Wornick. "Let the ball of string unroll and you keep walking with it." The ball of string appeared to have unwound at 12:30 p.m.

Mullican mulled Henley's tale, assessing the youth's story so he could make a decision on what to recommend be done with his three charges. Henley's reactions appeared normal for a youngster who had lived through such a traumatic experience. The affair was shaping up as just another shooting incident with sex and perversion and dope all mixed up in a warlock's brew. Corll's story about killing boys appeared to be just a method of frightening his captives. And Henley's story that he had shot Corll because "it was him or me" was a logical

explanation under the circumstance.

But the ball of string had a few more lengths to unroll. Henley apparently felt that Mullican really did not believe his story. Suddenly he was talking again. Come to think about it, he said, he remembered the names of a couple of boys who had "come up missing" about the time Dean Corll had said he had killed young boys. And something else. Corll had even mentioned names — a boy named "Cobble," and a "Marty Jones." There was a "Hilligiest" boy mentioned, too.

Mullican's face did not change expression. He just doodled the names on his interview pad. Henley said Corll had boasted that he had "buried" two or three of the boys in his boatshed. He said he thought the boatshed was in Southwest Houston because he had worked there once on an old car that Corll had picked up somewhere.

Mullican pursed his lips. His eyes strayed over Henley's face, took in the stack of cigarette butts in the tray. His mind ticked off the new elements in the case — specific names like "Cobble" and "Jones" and specific places like "boatshed." Perhaps this wasn't just a simple dope and sex party after all.

Mullican left Henley alone in his interview room. He went to Lieutenant Goad's office and briefed his superior on his interview. Then he went to his desk in the corner of the squad room and dialed the Houston Police Department. He asked for Lieutenant Porter, veteran day supervisor of the Houston homicide division. He had to know how Porter would react to such a story — and the information that Pasadena police wanted to search in Houston territory.

"B. PORTER" WAS A NAME scrawled in as investigating officer on thousands of pink and yellow "offense" reports that had accumulated in Houston

homicide files for almost a third of a century. The "B" stood for "Breckenridge." Porter was a 33-year veteran of the Houston police force, 32 of those years in homicide. His blue-gray eyes peered blandly from the seamed face below a shock of wavy, graying hair. The eyes were wise, penetrating, knowing. They could twinkle with humor at a friend's joke or, agate-hard, shatter the composure of a suspect.

Porter had long ago accepted as fact that at any given moment, day or night, a citizen will shoot, stab, stomp, strangle or beat another to death. Waiting for this to occur had become a way of life. Not for nothing had Houston acquired the shameful designation of "Murder Capital of the Nation" in the 1950s and 1960s. Porter had brought many a killer to bay and had supplied the evidence that convicted them. Men in his department looked up to Porter because they knew he had been investigating homicides before they were born.

When Mullican's call came, Porter had just returned from lunch to his office on the third floor of the Houston Police Department building at 61 Riesner street. He sank back in his chair and listened to the story about the slaying of a man in Pasadena who had dragged to his killer that he had buried three boys in Southwest Houston, in a garage or boatshed. He copied down the names "Cobble" and "Marty Jones" as Mullican explained that Henley had said the boys lived in the Heights where he lived now and where Corll once resided.

At the mention of "Cobble" and "Marty Jones" a light flashed in Porter's mind. He wheeled in his chair, reached across to a table on the wall to his right, and extracted a large brown file envelope from a stack leaning against the wall.

"Mullican," said Porter, "we've been working on this case this very day. For several days, in fact. The boy's

name is Charles Cary Cobble and he has been missing from the Heights for two weeks."

Porter went on to tell Mullican that Captain Robert L. Horton of the Missing Persons Bureau had sent the file down to Homicide for investigation of foul play because the Cobble boy's disappearance did not appear to fit into the category of "runaway." Porter said he also had received files on a "Marty Jones." Cobble and Jones had disappeared on July 27 — little more than two weeks before. Cobble was 17, Jones 18, and they had shared a small apartment, with permission of their parents, at 304 West 27th street in the Heights, in the same building where the Jones boy's parents lived. Captain Horton's investigators had found no logical reason for the two boys' sudden disappearance. They had no known records as runaways, were not at odds with their parents, their school records at Hamilton Junior High School had been satisfactory. And, they had not been involved in "trouble" with other boys in the Heights area.

Porter told Mullican he would ask Missing Persons to dig up records on a "Hilligiest" boy if there were any. Mullican thanked Porter and said he would be along shortly.

Porter immediately called Horton and asked for return of the file on Marty Jones, and any file his department might have on a boy named "Hilligiest." The homicide officer was surprised at the coincidence of Mullican's call and his department's on-going investigation of the disappearance of Cobble and Jones.

Within 15 minutes an investigator brought Porter the file on Marty Jones. And there was one on a David Hilligiest, who was 13 when he disappeared while enroute to a swimming pool in the Heights on May 29, 1971.

In Pasadena Mullican sent Henley back down to the

cell area in the basement for food and a shower.

Then he interviewed Kerley and Rhonda. Their stories verified Henley's account of the party, the shooting and the decision to call police. It soon became apparent that the two knew little if anything about Dean Corll other than what had occurred during the night of the shooting. Mullican ordered Kerley held for further questioning, but not as a suspect. Rhonda was turned over to the Harris County Probation Department's juvenile division.

Mullican discussed the status of his investigation with Lieutenant Goad, brought his notes up to date on his interviews with Henley, Kerley and Rhonda. He was preparing to leave with Henley for Houston when Detective Sergeant Sidney Smith came into the squad room to read his mail, check his assignments and begin his night shift. Night work was rotated among the detectives and August was Smith's month. Normally, when both Mullican and Smith worked the same shifts, they often functioned as a team, and Mullican asked Smith to accompany him to Houston with Henley. Lieutenant Goad gave permission for the move. So Mullican, Smith and Henley — now wearing the blue jump suit that Pasadena city prisoners are issued — left Pasadena to meet with Breck Porter and look over the files on the missing boys. Henley, for the second time that day, wore handcuffs.

The three walked into the police station at 61 Riesner street at 3:30 p.m. Mullican piloted Henley through the busy lobby and into the elevator for the ride up to the third floor and Porter's office.

Porter summoned Detective Karl S. Siebeneicher, whom he had already briefed on the case. Siebeneicher

was 31, and was completing his third year in Homicide after three years on the uniformed patrol and three more in the juvenile division. He had volunteered to work with the Pasadena detectives because of his experience with juveniles. And because he was a first cousin of the missing Marty Jones. He did not reveal this to Henley at once.

Siebeneicher led Mullican, Smith and Henley to a vacant office. He picked up two pictures from the desk, handed them to Henley, and asked if he recognized either or both. Siebeneicher didn't have to ask the youth another question or prod his memory. Henley knew both boys, and by full names. Siebeneicher looked Henley in the eyes and asked point-blank: "Who do you know for a fact is buried out there?"

Henley mentioned only the Hillgiest boy's name. He told Siebeneicher he didn't recall the address of the place where Corll said he had buried some boys. But, he knew where it was — in Southwest Houston off Hiram Clark Road. He thought he knew how to get there.

Porter told Siebeneicher to accompany the Pasadena officers on the search for the site of the alleged burials. Porter also summoned Detectives L. L. Earls and I. E. McComas and told them to get two trusties from the police station force and whatever they could obtain quickly in the way of shovels, ropes and other light excavation tools. They were to rendezvous with Mullican's group at the juncture of South Main and Hiram Clark Road.

It was close to 4 p.m. when Mullican's green Plymouth sedan pulled away from 61 Riesner street and headed west on Memorial Drive. Mullican was at the wheel, and Houston police "intern" Sylvia Garcia sat between him and Siebeneicher. Henley sat in the rear seat with Smith. Ms. Garcia was a senior student in

criminology at Sam Houston State University in Huntsville, assigned to a summer internship with Houston Homicide. The evening was hot, muggy and becoming overcast.

Mullican followed Siebeneicher's directions as to the easiest and fastest route to the rendezvous — west on Memorial Drive four miles to Loop 610 West, then south 12 miles to South Main Street, then east one mile to Hiram Clark Road. He drove cautiously, wary of the increasing flow of traffic homeward bound from the Central Houston area. There was an extra-heavy glut of traffic on the one-lane stretch of South Post Oak Road from 610 to its intersection with South Main. Motorists jockeyed for position with an endless array of trucks to avoid getting stranded on the Southern Pacific railroad tracks that parallel South Main.

Finally, after spending more than an hour on what normally was a 20 to 30 minute drive, Mullican pulled up to a stop behind a blue Houston patrol car at the entrance to Hiram Clark Road. The patrol car's trunk was bulging with shovels, rope and other digging paraphernalia. Two trusties were sitting in the rear seat.

On the last mile stretch of the drive from South Post Oak, Siebeneicher had noticed a bright red Mustang, with "Channel 2 News" emblazoned on its sides. It was going west on the north side of the esplanade. He had craned his neck to identify the driver, but his view was blocked by the traffic.

Henley had been quiet during the drive to the rendezvous. He had become relatively friendly with Mullican during his interview in Pasadena, but the presence of the Houston detective and Ms. Garcia had a silencing effect on him.

But he became more animated as the officers drove south on Hiram Clark Road. He "took over" as navigator for the two-car convoy as it rolled through an almost

pastoral scene of open fields on the left and a large herd of black cattle grazing beneath power lines soaring high over the countryside from a huge power complex. Hiram Clark Road ran due south from South Main street to West Fuqua. Shortly, about a mile south of South Main street, Henley pointed to a large sign on the west side of the road that read, "Boats." A large arrow pointed west.

"You'd better get over to the right," Henley warned Mullican. "This is where we turn."

Mullican turned west on Allum Road, continued driving past open fields, occasional stands of trees and white frame houses with old cars and farming equipment parked in the driveways and yards. Half a mile west of Hiram Clark road, Henley pointed out a sign that said, "Player Road," and Mullican turned into the street and drove south for another half mile until Henley pointed to a street sign that read "Silver Bell."

This was a skip-street, just a block long in this section and dead-ending at a wire strand fence and an open field. This segment of Silver Bell was designated as the 4500 block.

Henley told Mullican to turn left into Silver Bell. He drove past a large, attractive house on the corner to a broad, open area of prairie just south of the Silver Bell dead-end. On this prairie, 75 feet back from a three-strand barbed-wire fence, sat a large corrugated steel structure.

"There's the boat stall Dean was talking about," said Henley.

Mullican and Siebeneicher studied the layout. Officially, it was named the "Southwest Boat Storage." It was a 20-stall dry land marina in the shape of an "L" with five stalls facing west and 15 facing north. Each stall was 12 feet wide, 30 feet deep. The roofs sloped back from a height of 14 feet to a rear wall height of 12 feet. The open compound in front of the marina had

been beaten down by the constant comings and goings of stall renters picking up or unloading and storing their boats. Automobiles and furniture were stored there, too.

Mullican drove on through the gate and onto the open compound in front of the stalls, and Earls and McComas pulled up alongside. The officers and trustees got out of their cars and assembled around Henley. Henley walked over to a stall about midway along those facing north and pointed to No. 11.

"That's Dean's stall," he said.

The stall had six-foot wide double doors, locked together with a heavy padlock. "The lady in that big house on the corner has the keys," Henley said.

Smith drove Mullican's car back to the house and knocked on a rear door facing Silver Bell. The house itself faced Player Road and was designated as 13001 Player Road.

Mrs. Mayme Meynier answered. She told Smith she had no key to the stall, that the renter had the key. She said a man named Dean Corll was the renter. Smith told her that Corll has been killed.

Siebeneicher found a tire iron and forced the lock, broke the hasp and got the doors open. The detectives swung the double doors open wide, then stood silently for a few minutes examining the interior with their eyes.

Henley started to walk into the boat stall, then stopped dead. He stood and looked through the doors, back to the officers, then half-turned toward Mullican. He started to say something but held his tongue. Then he walked back toward the parked cars. He sat down on the ground and hunched over, holding his head in his hands.

The stall had no windows, and the officers moved slowly as they accustomed their eyes to the gloom of the deep interior. Two faded carpets covered the earthen floor, stretching from the entrance back 12 feet. One

was green, the other blue. Inside the doors on the left stood a huge, empty appliance carton. A half-stripped car body, half-covered by a sheet of canvas, sat in the right-rear area of the stall. A bicycle leaned against the right wall. In the left rear corner was a 50-gallon steel barrel. A dozen large, brown water containers with inset handles of the type used by the military were scattered about the rear. Each bore the legend "Civil Defense." Two bags of "Red Top" dehydrated lime sat atop one of the brown containers. Behind the barrel in the corner was a plastic bag and inside this was an empty lime bag. Beside the half-stripped car was a plastic bag containing clothing and a pair of red "mod" shoes with high heels, seemingly a new pair.

The officers held a brief conference in the hazy sunlight of the fading day. They decided that first the stall must be cleaned out. The two trusties, with the officers helping, lugged the "Civil Defense" cans, the barrel, the huge box, the plastic bags and everything else they could find out the double doors. The stripped car was rolled out.

Mullican had noticed a slight swelling in the floor level along the left side of the boat stall and suggested it as the place to begin digging. The two trusties began carefully lifting dirt with their shovels. They worked, it seemed, in an oven, with the heat of the day retained inside the stall by the hot walls. Sweat streaked their clothing as they worked, and the detectives removed their jackets and ties. Soon the shovels were edging toward the middle of the mound. They reached a layer of white substance that Siebeneicher said was lime. The trusties kept digging. Six inches below the surface, their shovels met with resistance. The diggers turned questioningly to the detectives.

Mullican and Earls, closest to the trusties, began to brush away the dirt with gentle strokes of their hands.

Sweat poured from their bodies. It dripped from Mullican's nose as the two officers exposed an area of what appeared to be a sheet of plastic. Carefully, they cleared a broad portion of the plastic. The evening shadows in the stall obscured their vision, and Mullican and Earls asked their companions — now crowding around the discovery — to move to one side.

They themselves moved to the rear of the shallow excavation and leaned close for a clearer view. A faint, disbelieving whistle escaped Earls' pursed lips.

Staring up at them through the clear plastic sheet were the distorted features of a young boy. A heavy cord appeared to be embedded in his neck and a rust-brown stain on the inside of the plastic half-obscured his hair.

Mullican raised his head and looked out at Henley. He was sitting against a front wheel of the green Plymouth. His head was buried in his arms.

Earls and Mullican took the shovels and carefully scooped dirt from the sides and ends of the excavation. With the aid of the trusties they lifted the plastic-shrouded corpse from its grave and carried it out into the open air and lowered it to the ground at one side of an open half-door. Siebeneicher got into a car and drove off to telephone Houston homicide. He also asked for men from the Crime Laboratory, a color photographer and someone from the Harris County Medical Examiner's office.

Earls looked at the trusties and nodded toward the shovels leaning against the boat stall wall. They moved with some reluctance back into the stall. Mullican threw Henley a speculative glance; the tawny-haired youth had mentioned three bodies. By now, the damp-sweet smell of death issued from the pit.

News of the Corll shooting had seeped out, but slowly, during the day. Early bulletins reported nothing to indicate it was other than what police reporters often call a "misdemeanor murder" — an isolated killing, unsensational in nature and hardly worthy of a paragraph in the newspapers of a city where murders of every character abound.

Bob Wright, KENR radio newscaster, had picked up a report on his Pasadena police monitor band at 9 a.m. about a killing at 2020 Lamar Drive, but he could get no elaboration from the Pasadena police. Another who got the report was Jack Cato, the Channel 2 (KPRC-TV) police reporter. He heard it as he cruised about Houston on his various assignments in his bright red Mustang with the big number "2" on its sides. He turned the item in, but not before he was told by a Pasadena police official that the slaying appeared the result of "just another queer mess."

In the Heights area that afternoon a 13-year-old boy named Greg Hilligiest encountered his friend Ronnie Henley, 14, as he pedaled his bike along the 300 block of West 27th Street. Ronnie beckoned to Greg and Greg coasted to a halt. Ronnie leaned close to him and said, "Greg, I'll tell you something if you won't tell anybody. Wayne shot and killed Dean." Greg drew back in surprise. He thought a moment, then replied, "Aw, no." Ronnie didn't elaborate and Greg rode on down the street. And he *did* forget about it — until much later.

Cato, the Channel 2 reporter, did not forget the "just another queer mess" slaying in Pasadena as he covered his beat during the day. And at 3:30 p.m. he got a "tip" that a "guy was going to show police where some bodies are buried." He wondered if the two bits of information fit together. He began cruising, on the alert for a contingent of officers and trusties. As he cruised, he passed Mullican's green Plymouth on South Main Street. He was

going in the opposite direction and did not see the police car. Detective Siebeneicher saw the red Mustang but was unable to determine who was driving.

Cato could pick up no clues from the police radio. About 5 p.m. he wheeled into a lunchstand lot and telephoned Houston homicide. He learned the location of the boatyard. He asked two Houston radio patrol officers eating an evening snack what they knew about the search for three bodies. They knew nothing about it. As he drove off, Cato surmised that Houston Homicide had little faith in the truth of the story and was waiting for supporting facts before making a general announcement.

Within minutes Cato had sped down Hiram Clark, Allum Road, Player Road and up Silver Bell to the stall. He received a quick briefing from Mullican of events leading up to recovery of the body. Mullican nodded toward Henley as he talked, and Cato turned to the teen-ager for an interview. Henley refused to have his picture taken. Cato was offering a compromise — just a voice interview, no picture of Henley's face — when Houston Post Reporter Ann James and Chronicle Reporter Larry Cooper drove up to the scene. Cato explained his problem to Ann James and Cooper. Henley agreed to the compromise and he described the shooting. Ann James held Cato's microphone for him while the TV reporter stepped back and shot the scene. Henley turned his face away and raised an arm to shield his head.

Cato's 6 p.m. broadcast deadline was fast nearing. As he turned to his car to call Channel 2 on his mobile telephone, he saw trusties and detectives almost run from the stall, fanning the air as if to wash aside the sickly odor now permeating the scene. One of the trusties said to the detectives, "Well, that's another body."

Cato stepped quickly to the entrance. He held his breath as he squinted at the growing pile of dirt by the excavation. He called the mobile operator and gave her the Channel 2 number. He quickly detailed his story to the news desk. He was told to stand by — it was now 6 p.m. — and within seconds went on the air with a live telephone broadcast from the scene. He closed his report with the chilling comment, "... and they now are digging up another body."

Henley, meantime, had been giving the Post and Chronicle reporters a few additional details of the story he had told Mullican in his interview. All three sat on the ground as Henley talked and the reporters scribbled down their notes. Cato, after his verbal report, took more shots of everything in sight he considered newsworthy. Then he went back to Henley.

The youth was becoming more nervous, and he looked ill. He said he was hungry. Several times he said he wanted to talk to his mother. There was no telephone at the boatyard, but Cato offered Henley the use of his mobile telephone. Mullican said he had no objections.

Henley gave Cato his home telephone number. Cato gave it to the mobile operator and handed Henley the receiver. Henley's mother answered. Almost hysterically Henley cried into the receiver: "Mama! Mama! I killed Dean!"

Cato stepped back and trained the lens of his camera on Henley. Cato's microphone had picked up Henley's sobbing outburst to his mother. What followed was a wracking conversation between Henley and Mrs. Mary Henley. She had heard radio reports of a shooting in which her son was involved earlier in the day and had launched a frantic search for him.

As he listened to his mother's anguished questions, Henley hunched in fright, pain and misery over the hood of Cato's bright red Mustang. Mullican, finally but

gently, called a halt to the conversation. Henley remained half-sprawled over the hood of Cato's car, shoulders heaving. His piercing cry to his mother that he had killed Dean Corll had pulled the attention of officers and reporters, and had drawn a sympathetic silence. Now work was resumed and the second body was cleared for its removal from the grave.

Clearly, this corpse had been interred for some time. It sagged loosely in its plastic case. The acid stench all but turned its bearers' stomachs as they hurried with their burden to fresher air.

Mrs. Meynier stood at a window in her house on the corner of Silver Bell and Player Road and watched the unusual activities in and around stall No. 11 of her boatyard. Finally, she got in her car and drove to the stalls. She sought out Siebeneicher, who earlier had made a telephone call from her house. She asked what was going on. "I own this property," she said, "and I feel that I should be consulted."

Siebeneicher brought her up to date. He pointed to Henley and said, "That young boy killed Dean Corll this morning." He asked Mrs. Meynier how long Corll had rented the boat stall and she replied, "Since November of 1971." Siebeneicher turned away, muttering to himself, "My God!"

Mrs. Meynier returned home for her record book on stall rentals. She drove back to the boatyard and showed Siebeneicher that Corll had rented Stall No. 11 on November 15, 1971.

Then she talked briefly with reporters James and Cooper. She described Corll as "a gentleman with an outgoing nature who smiled a lot and had dimples, a man who paid his rent promptly."

Mrs. Meynier's daughter, Mrs. W. C. (Julie) Harriman, joined her mother then. She said she and her husband

lived with Mrs. Meynier. She described Corll as "a nice man who went out of his way to stop by the house and say 'hello' to my mother. He visited the stall regularly, two or three times a week, and when he was there he was always unloading things." Mrs. Harriman added that in June she saw two men, one of whom she believed to be Corll, unloading "something very heavy" into the stall from his white van. She said that on several recent occasions, Corll had asked to rent another stall, but none was available.

(Later, Mrs. Meynier was to recall that her grandson, seven years old, would scamper down Silver Bell to the stall whenever he saw the white van parked there. "He would play around the stall and Corll always gave him a ride in the van back to the house when he was leaving," Mrs. Meynier said, spreading her arms in dismay as she recalled these incidents. She said she always tried to pay close attention to the comings and goings of the boy, but that occasionally he would run to the boatyard before she missed him.)

Back at Houston police headquarters, Captain Robert Horton of Missing Persons gave a rundown on what was brewing at the boatyard to Lieutenant J. E. Skipper and Sergeant Paul Hastings, the officers in charge of the Juvenile Division at night. When they learned that Corll and Henley had lived in the Heights, as had the three boys mentioned by Henley — Cobble, Jones and Hilligiest — they examined the circumstances surrounding the boys' disappearances.

The three could not be considered "runaways" by the very nature of their happy home lives, their neighborhood friendships, their school grades. They were not "problem" children, did not fit into the category of unhappy, restless teen-agers seeking escape.

Skipper and Hastings began segregating cases in-

volving teen-agers who just suddenly disappeared, who "went missing" for no apparent, explainable reason, and were never heard from again. They "pulled" hundreds of files of missing persons for scrutiny.

They placed on Captain Horton's desk a stack of files that included the names of almost 50 youngsters who had disappeared from the Heights area within the past three or four years.

The 6 o'clock evening news programs alerted all within listening range that a sensational crime was in the making. That a mad, sex pervert had performed unbelievable acts on teen-agers, had killed them and buried them in the dirt floor of his boat stall. Across television screens crawled large, bright messages detailing the progress of the digging, of the finding of two and then three bodies. Viewers were urged to tune in at the regular 10 p.m. newscasts. Radio announcers kept a continuous report going about Mullican and Siebeneicher and their activities.

And fear was filtering throughout the Heights. The names "Henley" and "Corll" were not unfamiliar in the area. The Henley family had lived there for 15 years. Young Henley had attended Helms Elementary School and Hamilton Junior High School, though he was a "drop out" from the latter. Dean Corll had known many youngsters in the Heights. He had helped his mother found and run her candy factory there for many years. He was noted for giving youngsters candy samples and taking them for rides in his white Dodge van. The names "Henley" and "Corll" were indeed familiar names in the Heights.

It was almost dark when the second body was unearthed. Heat and humidity pressed against the task force. The officers halted their activities and gathered

around Mullican's green Plymouth sedan. They needed fans to sweep away the overpowering stench. They needed floodlights. They needed to clear the area of the half-stripped car, the bicycle, the "Civil Defense" cans, the piles of shell and dirt and debris that hampered their movements. And they needed relief; the two trusties were haggard, soaked with sweat from their labors and physically exhausted. The officers were in little better shape.

And the trickle of sightseers was swelling into a steady stream that soon might choke the entrance to Silver Bell. The street would have to be blocked off. Traffic control would be needed. Detective Earls got into his car and drove to Mrs. Meynier's house to make arrangements that he hoped would solve the problems.

Lieutenant Porter was finishing his evening meal at 7 o'clock when Earls telephoned him and described the situation at the stalls. Porter immediately called Homicide and gave instructions to send six more trusties to the scene of the digging. He ordered Lieutenant H. W. Kersten and Detectives Jerry Carpenter and G. R. Neil to relieve Siebeneicher, Earls and McComas.

These instructions issued, Porter stuck his six-shooter in his belt, put his Stetson on his head and drove off to the boatyard. The heavy traffic on Hiram Clark Road did not surprise him. He was slowed to a crawl on Allum Road. He bucked almost standstill traffic on Player Road. Sensation-seeking citizens were zeroing in on the scene of the crime with the grim determination of a horde of lemmings scurrying toward the sea. Porter literally forced his car through the maze of parked vehicles and the milling, chattering mob that was moving toward the bright glow of light at the end of Silver Bell Street. He finally eased his car through the gap in the fence and into a nook of space between two patrol cars.

Porter stepped into a scene that would remain forever etched in his memory. It ebbed and flowed beneath a dome of brilliant white light from a bank of floodlights powered by the throbbing motor of a huge, white fire engine. Two large fans pumped fresh air into the boat stall and forced out the hot air and the horrible odor of death. It drifted in waves to engulf the detectives, firemen, trusties, Henley and finally the pressing mob of spectators.

The open rear doors of a dark blue hearse parked beside the fire engine revealed two black zippered "crash bags" on the floor; they held the decomposing remains of the two youths so far exhumed. Bright splashes of light split the eerie white glow as news photographers preserved on film the diggers, the officers, the men from the Medical Examiner's office, the tawny-haired youth sitting on the hood of Mullican's green Plymouth and surveying the operation with an almost abstract gaze.

Hemming in this bizarre activity was a pressing wall of glistening faces — men, women and children, young and old, always inching forward under pressure from new arrivals at the rear.

Porter, sadly shaking his head, ordered the advance stemmed, the area cleared of civilians inside the barbed wire fence. The onlookers gave ground grudgingly. Yet many turned their faces away when Cato swept the unruly front line with the spotlight on his camera. Porter also stationed two patrol units at the entrance to Silver Bell to prevent new parking on the street.

With the arrival of Lieutenant Kersten, Detectives Carpenter and Neal and their eight trusties from the county jail, Porter directed that everything left in the area be removed, including the piles of dirt from the excavations. Porter then organized three "teams" of two detectives each and assigned each team an area for digging. Systematically, they began lowering the stall

floor, six-inch level by six-inch level from the top surface of shell down.

As the night wore on they uncovered the third body, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth.

Some were shrouded completely in clear plastic and the excavators would brush aside the dirt and turn away from the features that looked up at them. These were the more recently interred victims.

Others were half-protected by their plastic wrappings, from head down to waist. Their lower portions were shredded away by lime and time to stained fabric or leg bones and tendons. The others, those which had rested longer in their anonymity in this isolated burial pit, were just lumps of decomposition. The earth had all but claimed them.

Siebeneicher, Earls and McComas had not retired when their relief arrived. They volunteered to join Kersten, Carpenter, Neal, Mullican and Smith to make up Porter's "teams." As each body was found — and the diggers knew they were on the verge of discovery when their shovels began to chip away layers of lime — trusties would bring a "crash bag." The body would be lifted by hand or shovel, zipped into the black bag, then taken hastily to a "body wagon."

Those working in the rear of the stall would be all but overcome when a body was uncovered closer to the entrance, under the direct power of the fans sitting in the entrance. Bathed in the stench of the new discovery, trapped in the rear of the stall, they would hold their breaths, stifle the convulsions of their stomachs, and dash past the newly found corpse and into the compound for fresh air. And then they would return to their terrible task.

And as the bodies were brought from the fetid interior of the stall two medical examiners from the staff of Harris County Medical Examiner Dr. Joseph Jachim-

czyk — Eddie Knowles and M. C. Kelly — numbered the "crash bags and noted the areas in the stall where each had been exhumed.

By 10 p.m., everyone had been fed — detectives, firemen, trusties, the working press. Mullican had sent out for huge buckets of fried chicken, coffee and cold drinks. By 10 p.m., too, Henley had been interviewed, photographed and televised. He had talked freely with Ann James and Larry Cooper. Their photographers had arrived, Joe Deering of the Post and David Nance of the Chronicle. Jim Priest had filmed a face-to-face interview with Henley for a Channel 11 newscast at 10 p.m.

Henley had elaborated some. He said he had often drunk beer with Corll, that Corll had planned to quit his job in September and visit his mother in Colorado, that Corll had agreed that Henley and Rhonda Williams could "travel" with him. He said Corll had talked about an organization or group that would supply him with thousands of dollars. But, said the youth, "I didn't believe him because Dean lived poor — he just had an old TV set, no stereo, and just a transistor radio. He'd be broke once a month when the bills came in."

Cato had departed for Channel 2 by 10 p.m. He had shot an interview with Mullican, filmed detectives and trusties lifting a third body from a hole in the stall floor, swept the pressing crowd of sightseers. The television coverage in bright color film would be seen on sets across the country. There had been a flow of evening bulletins over the Associated Press and United Press International wires. There had been hundreds of radio and television bulletins on the findings in the floor of the boatshed.

And they had triggered a flood of telephone calls into the Pasadena and Houston homicide departments from editors throughout the nation seeking closing bulletins

for their late editions.

Crack reporters were dispatched that night from England, Australia, Japan, Canada, Sweden and, nationally, from New York, Los Angeles and points in between. More than 50 out-of-city reporters began arriving by plane by midnight.

Henley was haggard. His eyes squinted into the bright lights. His body slumped on the police car hood. At 10:30 Mullican sent him back to Pasadena in care of Detective Larry Lawrence — just as diggers were scraping away a layer of dirt and lime from the fourth body. In the car, away from the lights and the excitement, Henley dozed through most of the return trip.

By 11:30 p.m., Siebeneicher, Earls and McComas realized they had their "offense reports" to prepare. They returned to 61 Riesner street and began putting their information on paper. Siebeneicher, the better typist, handled the typewriter. Periodically they would receive up-dated information from the boatyard from the police dispatcher.

The digging continued until 1 a.m. under the powerful floodlights on top the rumbling fire engine. Portable lights had been obtained by now and watchers could see the rise and fall of shovels and the bobbing figures of the excavators in little balls of light inside the stall. The mob had not diminished. It now included a late surge of younger sensation-seekers, gaily clad teen-agers and young couples who had abandoned their usual nocturnal haunts to take in the big body hunt out off Hiram Clark Road.

And now there were eight bodies in the hearses. Ann James of The Post was dictating her night-final wrapup from the scene over a mobil phone in her car. Cooper of The Chronicle was ready to drive to his office to write

his story for the next day's first edition. Photographers had departed through the crush of spectators and vehicles on Silver Bell Street.

Porter, after checking with Mullican, ordered the digging halted for the night. Jack Cato had returned to the scene and now he interviewed both Porter and Mullican again for his morning report. Porter stood with Stetson pushed back, his six-gun protruding from his belt, his jacket thrown over his shoulder, his shirt wet with sweat.

In the glow of Cato's spotlight he reviewed the unearthing of the eight bodies. He concluded that if Dean Corll were responsible "for all this" — and he waved an arm to encompass the entire scene — "then he had to be *some* perverted clown!"

Spectators retreated before the exodus of men and equipment from the boatyard. Mullican and Porter conferred. Mullican had not questioned Henley further at the scene. Now he and Porter agreed that the case appeared vastly different than it had when first the digging had begun. Mullican would interview Henley again this morning. Porter would see that digging was resumed.

Porter set a patrolman on guard, and soon the patrolman was the only living creature on the scene.

Fred and Dorothy Hilligiest did not learn of the day's events until late in the night. They lived in a modest frame house at 403 West 27th Street in the Heights with their two sons, Gregory, 13, and Stanley, 11. Three grown children were married and lived in their own homes. One Hilligiest boy, David, had been missing since July 30, 1971. On that day David, then 13, had gone swimming in a neighborhood pool with a friend, Malley Winkle, 16, whose mother lived just a block away at 407 West 26th Street. Greg and Malley never returned

home. They "just dropped out of sight."

The Hilligiests had attended a funeral for Mrs. Hilligiest's sister that afternoon, returning home late in the evening tired and dispirited over this personal loss. Mr. Hilligiest, an employe of the City of Houston street marking department, went to bed before 10 p.m. Dorothy Hilligiest was leafing idly through notes she had made on plans for the opening of school in late August. At 10:15 p.m. her telephone rang. It was a friend, asking if she was listening to the 10 o'clock news telecasts. Mrs. Hilligiest said she wasn't. The friend told her there had been a shooting incident and that the names of Wayne Henley and Dean Corll were mentioned, as was a body search in a boatyard in southwest Houston.

Mrs. Hilligiest was weary. She and her husband had been down too many blind alleys in their two-year search for their son to give much credence to such reports. She said she would check into the story the next morning. But the caller was insistent; he was a friend of the family, familiar with the story of David Hilligiest's disappearance with the Winkle boy.

Dorothy Hilligiest agreed, finally, and called Channel 11. She identified herself as the mother of a missing boy, and asked for the information her friend had heard. She was told to call the Houston Homicide Department. She did, and found herself talking to Detective K. D. Porter (no relation to Lieutenant Breck Porter).

He asked her if she were alone, and she said her husband was at home. Detective Porter then told her that he had intended to call her, but developments in the case had delayed him. The Henley boy, he said, had told police that a "David Hilligiest" was among the bodies the diggers would find in the boat stall.

Fear froze Dorothy Hilligiest for a moment. Then she blurted into the telephone, "My God, what's going on?"

Detective Porter mentioned a "homosexual" ring had

been uncovered through the shooting of Dean Corll by Wayne Henley. Mr. Hilligiest asked about the Winkle boy and was told that Henley had said a "Malley Winkle" would also be found buried under the floor of the boat stall.

She hung up the telephone receiver and went to the bedroom to awaken her husband. A wave of disbelief, horror and then hysteria struck her. She stood over the sleeping Fred Hilligiest and shook him awake. She cried out that David was reported dead and buried in a grave.

Hilligiest sat on the edge of his bed and stared at his wife, then struggled to his feet. He took her shoulders in his hands and quieted her. He listened as she retold her story. Then his own fury exploded, and Hilligiest shouted, "I'll kill him! I'll kill him!" Now it was Mrs. Hilligiest who did the calming. "No," she answered his anger. "No, we must find out what this is about. There may be a mistake."

Greg and Stanley, awakened by the turmoil, ran to their parents' bedroom and listened wide-eyed. Greg finally took his mother's arm. "Then it was true what Ronnie told me," he said in half-wonderment. He told them that Ronnie had told him that Henley had killed Corll. "I meant to tell you, Mother, but I just forgot." He paused in dismay and Mrs. Hilligiest circled his shoulders with her arm.

Mrs. Hilligiest called the Winkle home. She knew Selma Winkle, a widow, worked nights in a Heights restaurant, but she also knew that Mrs. Winkle's sister would be at the house. She told the sister what Detective Porter had told her.

Then she called her three married children to ask them, in the event they had heard the news, to remain calm and to stay home, that tomorrow would bring more information.

Her older children disobeyed. They dressed and

hurried to the Heights. The entire family had gathered at the home by midnight. The midnight news roundup was frightening — eight bodies had been found buried in the floor of the boat stall. News film in color of the bizarre scene left the family with blanched faces. Mrs. Hilligiest called Houston Homicide again. She was told the Henley boy had said definitely that one of the bodies buried in the boat shed was that of her son.

Fred and Dorothy Hilligiest and their family sat and discussed the situation, drank coffee, uncertain as to a course to pursue. Finally, at 2 a.m., they decided on the spur of the moment to try to find the boatyard. Fred and Dorothy Hilligiest and the three older children drove off into the night. Fifteen minutes later the group found itself at the South Main-Hiram Clark intersection. It was pitch dark. There were no clusters of lights to indicate the location of the boatyard. They couldn't find Silver Bell Street. And the newscasts had not mentioned Allum or Player Roads.

So the Hilligiests cruised the South Main-Hiram Clark area waiting for a break. It came when a police squad car sped down from the South Main overpass just north of Hiram Clark. The patrol car swerved into Hiram Clark, running the red light. Mr. Hilligiest gunned his motor, followed the patrol car's bobbing tail-lights into Allum Road, into Player Road, and to the entrance to Silver Bell. They found two patrol cars there — the one they had followed and the one it had come to relieve at the road-block.

Gathering around the Houston officers, the Hilligiests told them who they were, their mission, and asked for permission to drive down to the stall. Regretfully, the officers rejected their pleas. The lights were out, the boat stall barricaded, the officers and trustees gone home. It would be better that the family return home, get some rest and prepare for tomorrow.

Fred and Dorothy stood silently in the darkness, searched the blackness of Silver Bell with their tired and red-rimmed eyes. Then they got back in their car and drove toward home. Behind them drove the patrolman who had just been relieved at the entrance to Silver Bell. His replacement spoke softly over his radio to the Houston dispatcher telling him that he was now on duty at Player Road and Silver Bell Street. It was 2:30 a.m.

Dorothy Hilligiest sat with eyes closed on the return trip to the Heights. Time dissolved. In her mind's eye she waved to David and his friend Malley Winkle as they raced away on their bicycles to the swimming pool on that May day in 1971. That was the last she saw of her son. Mrs. Winkle told the Hilligiests that Malley had called her that night to tell her he would be home soon, and that her younger brother, Ben, had said he saw David and Malley get into a white van not far from the Hilligiest home.

But the days lengthened into weeks, then months, and the boys did not return home. Mrs. Hilligiest could not rationalize David's disappearance as a "runaway" with his nature and temperament. He had been a happy, outgoing boy, his friends were legion, his grades at Hamilton Junior High School were above par. Why should he run away?

"Don't worry," the officer at the Missing Persons Bureau had told her. "Your boy will come home soon." But David didn't.

There came endless, exhausting hours for members of the Hilligiest family. They combed Houston in their cars, walked the streets of Old Market Square and the Allen's Landing area, checking "hippy" hangouts for David and Malley. Selma Winkle joined in the search many times. Poor Selma; as a widow she had felt keenly the void in the life of her son without a father to guide him. A trip

New Orleans hadn't panned out. The two mothers' search of the French Quarter proved fruitless. Advertisements followed in underground newspapers offering a \$1,000 reward for information that would lead to the return of David and Malley. A three-week search by a private detective had depleted the Hilligiest savings by \$1,100. Mediums had been consulted at the urging of friends. Even the posters had failed — 500 of them bearing the boys' pictures and descriptions and offering a \$1,000 reward.

Young Wayne Henley himself had tried to help by distributing some of the posters. He had assured Mrs. Hilligiest that David would return sometime. "Mrs. Hilligiest," Wayne had told her some months earlier, "David could be right under your nose and you wouldn't realize it."

Dean Corll? She hardly knew the man. Mrs. Hilligiest recalled a day that David failed to return home when he had said he would. He had explained that he and Malley had visited the man in the candy factory. "He has a pool table in the back and he lets us play pool and have candy," the boy had said. She had told David not to visit the candy factory again, and he had protested. "But Malley knows him, Mom, and his mother worked for him." She had checked with Selma Winkle and Mrs. Winkle said she had worked at the candy factory but knew little about Dean Corll one way or another.

Another time, when David was late, she had gone to the candy factory. She had found David's and Malley's bicycles parked outside. She had pushed the button at the door and identified herself to the man who opened it. She had asked for David. She had told the man, whom she presumed to be Corll, that she didn't want her son to visit the store anymore. When the man told her that he knew Mrs. Winkle, Mrs. Hilligiest had replied that it made no difference. The man had called David from a

rear room. Mrs. Hilligiest had bought a box of candy and she and her son had left.

Now Mrs. Hilligiest stared absently at the darkness beyond the bright lights flashing by on Loop 610. What was it that Greg had told her just a few weeks ago when he came back from Ronnie Henley's house? Ronnie had come to the Hilligiest house to play with Greg, but a carpenter was making some repairs on the house and she had let Greg go down the street to the Henley house to play. When Greg returned he had told his mother that Dean Corll and Wayne Henley had come by and watched them play a new game that Ronnie owned. "Dean is a real nice man," Greg had told her. "He told me that he and Wayne were going to take me and Ronnie fishing one of these days."

Mrs. Hilligiest hardly noticed as the car swerved into the Yale Street exit from the freeway for the last leg of the trip home. Through her tired brain ran Wayne Henley's comment the day he came to get the posters to distribute. "David could be right under your nose," he had said. She shook her head sharply as the car lurched into the Hilligiest driveway. It was 3 a.m.

In the bedroom of her small frame house Mrs. Mary Henley tossed and turned in her bed as the Hilligiests passed toward home. She had finally gone to bed after a midnight interview with a Houston Chronicle reporter, Craig Symser. She had given the reporter several photographs of Corll that her son Wayne had acquired. Corll had visited the Henley home on Monday, as he did almost every day, and talked with Mrs. Henley and her mother, Mrs. Christine Weed, before driving Wayne to a driving school in the Bellaire area. (Records at the school indicate Henley started classes on July 16, 1973, the day before 15-year-old Homer Garcia, another student, disappeared. Henley attended only three more classes

before dropping out.) On Tuesday, Mrs. Henley said, the afternoon before the shooting, Wayne had called her to say he was going to spend the night with Tim Kerley, a friend.

"The next time I heard from Wayne he was calling me from a warehouse out in Southwest Houston and telling me, 'Mama, I killed Dean.' She said the police had refused to let her visit the place that her son had called Dean. 'I won't know how he is until tomorrow. All I know is what I heard on the news.'"

Dean Corll loved to play with children and treated Wayne like a son, Mrs. Henley said. Wayne loved him like a father. "I know Dean must have done something terrible to Wayne to make Wayne shoot him." She said the only time Corll ever got angry was when she would joke about his age, and then "his eyes would flash. He couldn't take kidding about his age."

Mrs. Henley said Wayne had dropped out of Hamilton Junior High School in 1970 after a family quarrel which ended with the boy's father beating Wayne and taking a pistol shot at her. The Henley's were divorced shortly thereafter, and Wayne began working longer part-time hours to supplement her income as a cashier.

"I don't understand this man," Mrs. Henley said of Corll. "He ate Easter dinner with us and he worked on my car. He loved kids and he would drive over in his white van with a black couch in the back and a dozen kids would pile into the back and he would take them for rides."

Mrs. Henley said another boy, David Brooks, introduced Wayne to Corll two years before the shooting, and that the three of them would go to a place near the Hiram Clark Road power station, where Corll worked, to repair cars during the weekends. She saw Corll as a shy person who acted younger than his age (Corll was 33 at his death). He would not enter the

Henley house for some time after he and Wayne Henley became friends. Along in April, Wayne began seeing a lot of Corll, and he and David Brooks would spend almost every weekend at Corll's house.

Mrs. Henley sat in an old blue rocking chair as she described her son's relationship with Corll. Two of her other three boys — Ronnie, 14, and Vernon, 11 — sat across the room on a bed converted into a divan. Another son, Paul, 16, was visiting an aunt. When Ronnie or Vernon would attempt to talk about their brother, Mrs. Henley would put a finger to her lips to indicate they should be silent.

Still stunned by Wayne's shooting of Corll, and tired beyond description, Mrs. Henley concluded that she didn't know just what to think about her son's action. "But Lord, I'm tired, and it's going to be a long night."

And it was a long night, as long as the night stretching out for parents of missing youngsters, parents afraid that their sons would be found in the dirt floor of the boat-yard.

In Houston Homicide, a ring of weary detectives — Siebeneicher, Earls, McComas, Kersten, Carpenter, Neal — huddled around a desk. Checking and cross-checking each other, they reduced events and findings into written form. They completed the report at 3:30 a.m.

Wayne Henley slept fitfully in his cell in the basement of the Pasadena police station. Bad dreams haunted him. In them persons he didn't know entered his cell and snapped pictures of him. One was an elderly black woman. She sat down and stared at Henley and would not leave despite his soundless screams. She sat there most of the night.

The Second Day

Sergeant Dave Mullican was remembering the bold, black headline in The Houston Post as he parked his car behind the Pasadena police station at 8:30 Thursday morning. "Mass Grave Yields 8 Bodies," it had read. The headline reinforced Mullican's opinion, expressed to Lieutenant Breck Porter of Houston Homicide as they parted after digging was halted at the boat yard. "Two murders, three murders, yes. But *eight* bodies? One man just couldn't have done all that by himself!" Porter had agreed.

Inside the station, Mullican was informed that Mary Henley was visiting her son in his cell. Henley was still shivering from his nightmares, and Mrs. Henley insisted he be given a blanket. Henley had told her "everything," she said, and was happy to get it off his chest. She didn't like for him to be locked up in a cell. "I'd rather you tie him up to a tree than keep him in a closed place without windows."

Mullican soothed her, explaining that Henley would be removed from the cell to help in the continuing investigation.

The detective squad room was bustling when Mullican got down to the work at hand. The division was concentrating all of its manpower on the Dean Corll case. Subject matter "desks" had been set up to correlate such

specific information as background and history of both Dean Corll and Wayne Henley, exact location of bodies found in the boat stall, order of recovery and body identification. Investigators had been assigned to each desk. Mullican was in charge of the overall investigation and, with Sid Smith, would follow the action wherever it might lead. Information gathered by the various "desks" would be instantly available to the two detectives when needed, and they, in turn, would keep Lieutenant Ed Goad constantly informed of developments. Goad was serving as the focal point for all information.

And, in a move literally forced upon the department by outside pressures, Inspector E. L. Gilbert's duties as press information officer were broadened to include the dispensing of information to the public at large. For Chief Operator Velma Lines' switchboard had been literally inundated by telephone calls. The radio and television newscasts had jarred the entire nation with the growing magnitude of the case.

Both Houston and Pasadena police departments had anticipated a tremendous surge of interest in the case, especially by parents of missing youngsters. Houston alone has recorded more than 5,000 missing juveniles each year for the last two years. But now, worried parents were calling from such points as New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Seattle. And from quick analysis of the calls, Mississippi and Alabama had many worried parents, too. On top of this, managing editors of newspapers from as far away as London were on the telephone.

Mullican found a stack of messages on his desk demanding instant reply by telephone or telegraph. He passed these on to Inspector Gilbert and told Operator Lines and her assistant to refer all such calls to the inspector. Eventually, this load was to swell to such proportions that a formula was worked out where miss-

ing juveniles were involved. Callers were asked to send information on their children to the County Coroner's office, including name, age, appearance, date he came up missing, dental x-rays, scars. As for the news media, Goad eventually ordered the door to the detective squad room locked to keep out press, radio and television newsmen swarming into the Pasadena police station that morning.

Wayne Henley did not know of all this activity. He was sitting on his cell bed in a fresh, clean blue jumper suit that Pasadena provides its jail inmates, eating a light breakfast of toast and coffee. He had had a hard night and looked it. An endless line of "dream" visitors had marched through his cell, flashing lights in his face as they snapped his picture. He was eager to leave his cell when Mullican sent for him for a second, more searching "interview." Face taut and eyes reddened, Henley told the detective of his dreams. "Finally," he told Mullican, "this old nigger woman came in and sat down and just looked at me. After a while, when I told her to take her damn picture and get out, I woke up."

Henley did not want to talk with Mullican in the little interview room he had sat in the day before. The walls pressed in upon him. Mullican borrowed Goad's office and sat the youth on a chair in front of Goad's desk, between the desk and the huge plate glass window that walled off the squad room. There, Henley had a full view of the squad room, could keep track of what was going on all the time. This, apparently, removed whatever fears he had.

Henley still trembled, and continually shifted his position on his chair. Yet he paid little attention to Goad as the officer slipped back into his office now and then to take a telephone call on his private line. He didn't notice when Goad hurried back into his office

once to retrieve his gun; Goad had placed the automatic in the upper right-hand drawer of his desk and had left the office without it. There was little chance that Henley could get at it, had he known it was there, since Mullican sat behind the desk. But Goad was taking no chances.

Henley's hair was tousled and tangled when he came up from his basement jail cell, and he asked Mullican for his comb. The youth was proud of his tawny, flowing locks and coiffed them continually with a long plastic comb that tapered to a sharp point at one end. Mullican had taken custody of the comb the night before at the boat stall. He would "loan" it back to Henley periodically, but always reclaimed it. Such a comb could become a dangerous weapon.

Once settled in Goad's office, Mullican got to the point quickly. He told Henley that Corll's "two or three" burials in the boat stall had grown to eight bodies found so far. The detective looked Henley in the eye and asked him to "tell me what you know about all this."

Henley told Mullican he had known Dean Corll for almost two years. Corll had offered him \$200 per boy to pick up or lure boys into Corll's hands. He said he sat on the offer for a year. Then he got into a financial tight and took up Corll's offer, but Corll had not paid him the full \$200 for the first boy he procured, he said. He didn't actually sexually abuse, torture or kill any of the boys he obtained for Corll, but he had been present when Corll had, he said. Corll was a homosexual and did some pretty bad things to the boys, he added.

But it was always Dean. Dean was driving along Westheimer when he saw this boy standing there at Voss Road and he stopped and gave him a lift. The youth told Dean he was just going down Westheimer a bit, but Dean assured him he was glad to help out, it was hot walking. Dean gave him some grass to smoke and this kid wound

up in Dean's apartment on Yorktown (the Yorktown Apartments, 3300 Yorktown). Dean abused him sexually and strangled him, Henley said.

And then, there was that little blond kid last week. Dean was parked in front of a grocery store over on South Richey Street (that bounds Pasadena on the west) when this kid came along on his bike, Henley said. Dean called the kid over and told him he had found some empty Coke bottles while cleaning out his van. He would give them to the kid just to get rid of them, and the boy could take them into the grocery store and get the deposit back and keep it. The boy came back to thank Dean, and Dean told him that, come to think about it, he had found a lot of bottles in his garage while cleaning it out. The kid could put his bike in the back of the van and ride home with him, get the empty bottles, and sell them, too, for the spending money. That kid got into Dean's van and Dean took him home (to 2020 Lamar Drive) and had his fun and strangled him, Henley said.

(The boy's name was James Stanton Dreymla, 14, who had disappeared Friday evening, August 3 — just six days before the fatal shooting of Dean Corll. The Dreymla boy lived at 5411 Laurel Creek, a mile west of 2020 Lamar Drive. Later that evening, James called his father, Douglas Dreymla, and asked if he could spend the night at a party "on the other side of town" and the father said, "No, you be home in 20 minutes." He never saw his boy alive again. It was the boy's bike police found in the boat shed.)

Henley rambled on. He was the bystander, he listened to Corll's stories of how he would snare his victims, how he "had his fun" and then killed them. Henley's brown eyes would change at times, become cold and remote as he subtracted himself from his gradually evolving story of sexual sadism and murder. But then, Henley would forget what he and Mullican were talking about. His

mind would wander off on a tangent, about Rhonda Williams, his girl friend, or how "poor" Dean Corll lived — just an old black and white TV set. It was then that Henley would relax as if he'd forgotten where he was and just why he was there.

Mullican received a telephone call at 10:15 a.m. It was Porter at Houston Homicide. He told Mullican that a kid named David Brooks had been brought to homicide by his father, that the Brooks boy was even now giving a statement implicating Henley as Corll's long-time partner in luring Houston teen-agers into Corll's hands. Brooks was just an eyewitness, so to speak, Porter said. He claimed he had knowledge about Corll and Henley, had known Henley well in the Heights where they both had attended Helms Elementary and Hamilton Junior High Schools. Had Henley, asked Porter, mentioned anybody named Brooks?

Mullican said, "No" to the question, jotted down a few notes and hung up. He looked across Goad's desk at young Henley. "Wayne," he said, "that was Lieutenant Porter of Houston Homicide. He just told me that a boy named David Brooks was making a statement there about you and Corll and the boys we have dug up at the boat shed."

Henley wheeled around in his chair and leaned across the desk toward Mullican. "That's good," he replied. "Now I can tell the whole story."

Mullican noticed that the pack of cigarettes he had bought Henley was all but depleted. He held up the near-empty pack and waved it at one of the detectives in the squad room through the wall-window. When the affirmative nod came, Mullican handed the depleted pack back to Henley, leaned forward to blow ashes from the top of Goad's desk and casually asked, "Did you kill any of the boys yourself?"

Henley's answer was prompt. "Yes, sir." The revela-

tion that David Brooks was now "talking" apparently relaxed the inhibitions that had curbed the youth's tongue. Soon it became obvious to the detective that Henley not only had procured teen-agers for Corll — and they included some of his long-time friends and acquaintances at Helms Elementary and Hamilton Junior High Schools — but he had participated in their destruction. But his story about the shooting of Dean Corll never changed except for a comment that he thought Corll was going mad.

He said it was Brooks who introduced him to Corll, in 1971. He said he believed Brooks had lined him up for Corll, just as he, Henley, had lined up Tim Kerley as Corll's victim when he invited Kerley to the party at 2020 Lamar Drive. Mullican listened impassively as Henley described how he had shot one boy, but only wounded him. "I think the bullet wound up in his nose or sinuses, and this kid just looked up and said, 'Wayne, why did you shoot me?'" Henley's answer was to point the gun at the wounded boy's head and pull the trigger. Shot in the head again, the boy died. Henley said he couldn't remember the boy's name. (Brooks, meantime, was describing the incident to Houston Detective Jim Tucker. He said he thought the boy was "a Johnny and I think that his last name was Malone." Brooks surely meant Johnny Delome, who disappeared in May of 1972. Henley couldn't remember where this killing took place, though Corll had an apartment on Schuler Street and Washington Avenue in Houston at that time.)

Henley told Mullican that some of the boys had been buried near Lake Sam Rayburn in San Augustine County where Corll's father had a cabin, and that some could have been buried on the High Island beach in Jefferson County. He knew of some buried at these places and, he added, so did Brooks. Mullican jotted down the two

locations on his note pad.

By now Henley considered himself on a first-name basis with the Pasadena detective. He had calmed down to such an extent that he rattled along, sometimes on course, other times off on a tangent. "Dave," he angled off at one time, "You just don't know how hard it is to strangle a person." Mullican finally asked Henley to take his time, go back in his memory, try to remember as many names of boys as he could who had been killed by Corll, Brooks and himself. Henley said he would try to get up such a list.

When Henley mentioned at least half a dozen places Corll had lived during the past two years, Mullican began to realize why the dead man had remained undetected. Henley explained that Corll liked to move often, every two or three months, because he thought neighbors might suspect something amiss, begin to talk among themselves or ask questions.

Wherever he lived, Corll would sit around with Brooks and Henley and explain the type of boys he wanted his young procurers to obtain for him. He wanted young, good-looking white youngsters, Henley told Mullican.

Often all three together would strike out in a search for Corll's victims. Or, at times, Henley explained, just Henley and Brooks would scout around. Or Corll and Henley. Or Corll and Brooks. Or they would bring them in individually. They would drive along the street looking for prey, offer them rides home, then take them to Corll's place.

Regular parties were planned, too, to look over possibilities. The parties were designed for age groups. There would be candy and soft drinks for younger kids, up to 13 or 14 years. For the older boys, those of 15 or older, there would be "groovy" parties with beer and "grass." These affairs weren't spectacular. They were nice parties.

And, *almost* every one of the young guests went home early. But the parties were ideal for Corll to keep in touch with prospects for his murder mill.

Many of the youngsters invited were personal friends of Henley and Brooks, or of Henley's young brothers, Ronnie, 14, and Vernon, 11. Henley soon began to realize that Corll was not only using him to trap his friends, but using his brothers to set up *their* friends. In fact, added Henley, one of the reasons he was really afraid of Dean Corll was a growing realization that Corll had set his sights on young Ronnie as a victim. . . after he had done away with Henley, of course.

He had good reason to fear Dean Corll, Henley told Mullican. "Corll tried to kill David Brooks once and another time he got me down and said he was going to kill me. (Brooks, meantime, was telling Tucker about the time that Henley and Corll got *him* down and threatened to kill him.)

Henley told Mullican that within recent months he and Brooks decided to kill Corll. The increasing frequency of Corll's demands for victims, and the savagery with which he "had his fun" with the boys they procured, convinced them that they had better do it to Corll before he did it to them, Henley said. But something always went wrong. They could never catch Corll at the right time. Or when they did decide to make a move, they psyched themselves up on paint fumes for courage — and passed out. It was Henley's fear for the life of his girl, Rhonda, that finally forced him to make his stand, he said.

Henley absolutely refused to discuss the subject of torture or mutilation. (Officers had whispered among themselves about several bodies found with missing genitals, and little plastic bags or pouches containing them found in the boat stall burial pit, but they were as

reticent to discuss this as was Henley.) Henley said Corll would shackle his victims to his torture machine — the long board with handcuffs at each corner — in the "treatment room" (as officers called the bedroom where the board was found), and brutally commit sodomy on them.

The youth told Mullican that he "confessed" to his role in the debauchery about a year before in a letter he wrote to his mother. "I told her to give it to the police if I failed to show up some day," Henley said. (Such a letter has never been found and Mrs. Henley denied its existence.)

By the time Henley got around to questioning Mullican on what kind of punishment he would receive for his part in the killings, the detective decided that he had gotten as much out of the youth as he could at that sitting. Henley was told by Mullican that he probably wouldn't get the death penalty because of uncertainties of the law on the subject at the time. Henley said a prison sentence would give him a chance to educate himself. "Take that fellow in Alcatraz," the youth said. "He spent his life in solitary and educated himself and got famous." Henley's imagination was at work; he was picturing himself as another "Birdman of Alcatraz."

Mullican was curious about one thing: why hadn't Henley and his friends "cut and run" after the shooting? That was the first thing they had thought about when they regained their composure after Corll was killed, Henley said. The three sat in a circle on the living room floor and discussed what they should do. All three realized that Corll's body would be found, sooner or later. And a neighbor, perhaps, would recall the comings and goings of three youngsters at the Corll house. Kerley and Rhonda finally decided they should notify the police, and Henley agreed.

What else could he do? Mullican thought. Henley's

two friends knew nothing of his relationship with Corll. In their innocence, they most certainly would relate their experience to friends. Word would spread and, eventually, reach the ears of investigators, anyway. Henley had little choice. And at that, Mullican thought wryly, the youth almost had got by with his story — might have, had he not embellished it. Or if David Brooks had not begun talking.

Mullican brought the interview to a close shortly after noon. He surmised that Henley had killed or had a hand in the deaths of at least nine boys. The youth had been right on the locations of the bodies in the boat stall. He had named other burial sites at Lake Sam Rayburn and High Island. He had chilled Mullican's blood with his estimate that the boat stall might contain as many as 19 bodies — and that the total of bodies might grow to 24. Mullican reminded Henley to get up his list of names and places, then sent him back to his cell for lunch.

He called Lieutenant Porter about his plans, then he and Smith lunched. Shortly after 1 p.m. Mullican, Smith and Henley left for Houston Homicide to pick up Houston detectives for a trip to Lake Sam Rayburn.

Breck Porter had found a stack of 42 tan envelopes on his desk at 8 a.m. that Thursday. They contained the case histories of boys who had disappeared since 1970 — simply vanished without apparent reason or cause. The envelopes were culled from hundreds of files examined the night before by Lieutenant J. E. Skipper, in charge of the Juvenile Division's night shift, and his second in command, Sergeant Paul Hastings.

Porter knew about Charles Cary Cobble, Marty Ray Jones and David Hilligiest. Dean Arnold Corll was supposed to have killed them and buried them in the boat stall. So Elmer Wayne Henley had said. But that was yesterday, and Henley had mentioned only three bodies.

Today, eight pitiful bundles of decomposing remains from that same boat stall lay in the county morgue at Ben Taub Hospital awaiting autopsies. Skipper and Hastings had re-examined the circumstances surrounding the disappearance of Cobble, Jones and Hilligiest. They had ransacked the files for case histories that fit the pattern. They had come up with 42 case histories.

Now Porter looked up at the group of reporters hemming him in behind his desk. They had questions. He had answers. Yes, digging would be resumed immediately at the boat stall. No, young Henley was not in the county jail, he was in the Pasadena jail. No, none of the bodies had been identified, they were at the county morgue awaiting examination. Yes, the stack of files contained names of missing boys who might have been buried in the stall. No, he would not release names except those specifically mentioned by Henley. Yes, the Cobble, Jones and Hilligiest boys had been mentioned by Henley. No, I can't give you a lot of details about the boat stall; ask Siebeneicher or Earls or McComas. They were there.

One more question? Did the lieutenant believe that one man alone could have done all this killing?

Porter stared at the ring of faces around his desk. The frown on his face deepened as he glanced down at the pile of case histories.

"Hell, no! I feel very strongly that more than one person did this sadistic, perverted work. No one man could have done that. In 33 years of police work I've never found anyone capable of doing such a thing."

Detective Earls made his way through the departing reporters and volunteered to work at the boat stall that day. Porter thanked him. He asked Detectives D. R. James and Ned Newman to dig up a crew and get some fresh new trusties to help out.

"And get the names of the trusties who helped dig up

the bodies last night," he ordered. "There should be some reward for them. Time off their sentences, if possible."

Chief of Police Hermann Short stuck his head through Porter's office door. "Porter," the chief said sternly, "you sure gave those folks in the East a good impression of our police force. A friend of mine just called me from New York and said he'd seen this Houston police officer on television wearing a Stetson hat and a big six-shooter in his belt. He said he thought we'd replaced those cowboy characters with a modern uniformed police force." Both chuckled as Porter turned to answer his telephone.

Lieutenant James D. Belcher of the Criminal Intelligence Division was on the line. He told Porter that "a kid named David Brooks was in his office with his father. Alton Brooks, Belcher said, believed from comments his son had made about Corll and Henley and the killings that the boy had far more than a passing knowledge of the case. The father had discussed this first with his brother, who advised him to take the boy to Belcher, a personal friend. Would Porter like to sit in on the session with the Brooks boy in Belcher's office?"

Porter hurried to Belcher's office. He found Belcher sitting behind his desk and the father and son in their chairs facing him. The senior Brooks, a small man with neat wavy iron gray hair, was a building contractor who lived at 1005 Gardendale. His son, David Owen Brooks, was a slender youth, six feet tall with light brown hair, a round open face and steel-rimmed glasses. He had recently married and his 18-year-old wife Bridget was pregnant. The younger Brooks lived at 1445 Pech Road.

Young Brooks hung his head, slouched in his chair, talked to the floor and the walls and the ceiling, twisted this way and that. He said he had known both Corll and

Henley, knew they were up to murder, and had, indeed, actually driven Corll's van to places where bodies were buried. But, Brooks asserted, his was only the role of the bystander. He couldn't even remember where any bodies were buried.

Porter left Belcher's office to interrupt Mullican's interview with Henley in Pasadena. Porter told Mullican that Brooks had been brought in by his father and apparently knew considerable about Corll and Henley and their activities. Mullican replied that he would be along with Henley after he finished interviewing him. Porter went back to Belcher's office and said he wanted to talk to young Brooks alone.

He led the boy down the hall to his own office. He turned on Brooks and told him to quit beating about the bush, that Wayne Henley was right then giving a statement to Pasadena police. Brooks, said Porter, had better start talking about his role in the case. He turned him over to Detectives Jack Hammill and Jim Tucker.

Mullican, Smith and Henley arrived from Pasadena. Mullican told Porter that his prisoner had "opened up" after the telephone call; while he had mentioned only a few names of victims other than the three he had told about earlier (Cobble, Jones and Hilligiest), he had told of more burials, on the shore of Lake Sam Rayburn and on the High Island Beach east of Galveston. Would Porter like to send along a couple of detectives to the lake?

Porter would. He told Mullican that Hammill and Tucker were making slow progress with Brooks. His statement was vague, wandering. The thrust of it was that Brooks knew of killings, had even helped bury some of the victims, but had never participated in any of the killings.

Now Porter led Henley into the room where Brooks was sitting. "Now, Henley," he told the youth, "you go ahead and tell Brooks what you have told us."

The two youths stared at each other, wary and uncertain. Porter could feel the sharp expansion of tension in the confrontation.

Brooks broke the silence. "I'll stick with my statement."

Henley leaned forward. "David, tell them the truth. I have. Everything."

Brooks said nothing.

"You're in this as much as I am," Henley said. "Tell the truth and it'll go better for both of us. I've given Dave a full statement."

Mullican nodded. "That's right, Brooks. You might as well get right and tell it all, too."

Brooks grimaced, sucked a long breath through his teeth, then relaxed and nodded. And then, astonishingly, the pair ignored the detectives and began to talk about how Corll had died. Porter broke it up. He turned Brooks back to Tucker and Hamill, and the tall youth in the granny glasses launched into a new statement.

Arrangements had to be made for Mullican's search for bodies at Lake Sam Rayburn. It was 2:30 p.m. If any digging were to be done at the lake that day, the men had to move quickly. Porter called Texas Ranger C. A. (Charlie) Neel at Lufkin, near the lake, and briefed him, explaining that Houston and Pasadena detectives would be leaving shortly for Lufkin in two unmarked cars with the Henley boy and would need help in locating the burial sites the youth claimed were near the lake. Neel suggested the Holiday Inn in Lufkin as a rendezvous. Mullican and Porter knew Neel well; he had worked out of the Houston Ranger Bureau for years before his transfer to Lufkin.

It was going on 4:30 p.m. by the time the officers left Houston for Lake Sam Rayburn. Houston Detective Willie Young rode with Mullican, Smith and Henley, while Detectives K. D. Porter and J. P. Paulk trailed in their car. They made good time on the drive, arriving at the Holiday Inn in Lufkin at 6 p.m.

Digging had been resumed at the boat stall on Silver Bell at 10:30 that morning. Detectives James, Newman and Earls had eight fresh trusties to aid them. The early morning rain had only increased the heat and humidity pressing down on the boat yard. The interior of stall No. 11 was a furnace beneath the metal roof that baked in the smog-hazed light of the climbing sun. The huge fans had been returned, but offered little relief.

Spectators pressed again against the barbed-wire fence, but there were no cars parked on Silver Bell. The entrance had been blocked off by a blue Houston patrol car. Even the street sign had been removed at Mrs. Meynier's request. But that did not deter the sight-seers; they just parked along Player Road, their cars stretching back almost to Allum Road half a mile away, and walked to the scene.

Shortly after the digging was resumed, Mrs. Meynier's son-in-law, W. C. Harrison, showed James how to unscrew several panels in the rear wall of the boat stall and remove them. The fans were turned around, and now sucked the stench from the deepening pit, blowing it into the open compound in front of the stall. Another tool had been obtained, also — a small yellow back-hoe, from the Houston Public Works Department. The little machine would reach out with its mechanical arm, plant its blade into six inches of dirt, and rake a blade-full back toward the machine, just like kids playing in the sand. When a streak of white appeared in the dirt the detectives would take over and carefully explore further

with their shovels.

As the dirt was removed, trusties would relay it with their shovels to dump trucks to be hauled away. And as the trucks would rumble out the gate and down Silver Bell Street, scrambling spectators would seize the spilled clods and bits of shell and triumphantly wave them aloft as souvenirs. And each time the streaks of white would appear, a trusty would run to a waiting ambulance for a "crash bag."

For bodies began to surface. By noon, three more "crash bags" lay in two ambulances parked at the edge of the compound. When a fourth corpse was recovered, the ambulances were dispatched to Ben Taub Hospital and the morgue. Each body had been numbered as to sequence of recovery and the total from the stall had reached 12 when the searchers knocked off for lunch.

It had been hard going, this second day's digging. The floor level of the boat stall was slowly sinking by six-inch levels as the diggers systematically pursued their search for the grisly remnants of Dean Corll's work. As the floor sank, the workers found themselves first sliding, then slipping, and finally slogging about in dirt and shell that had become liquified from body fluids that escaped the plastic shrouds that wrapped most of the bodies. The little yellow back-hoe would skid and slide and its motor would roar as the operator sought traction.

The bodies found were in various stages of decomposition. Some were well-preserved, wrapped completely in plastic. Most of these were found near the surface of the stall. A few were only partially wrapped in plastic, from the head down to the waist; the exposed portions were but bones. Other remains, not protected by the sheets of plastic wrapping, were just small huddles of bone, hair and teeth. As the floor level sank it revealed that bodies had been buried two and three deep. In one instance,

four bodies were in layers, one on top another. Generally, a layer of lime would cover each body, with a layer of dirt on top the lime.

Though the crowd beyond the barbed-wire fence kept growing during the day, it was not the pushing, chattering mob of the night before. And it did leave enough of a clear path along Silver Bell for ambulances to move to and from the morgue.

Detective Earls, James and Newman were in the pit when Earls noticed a sliding of dirt from the walls. He looked up and there, standing on the earthen ledge, were some teen-agers. They had slipped up through the high grass of the open prairie behind the boatyard. They stood on the little ledge, just as calm as they could be. They didn't seem to mind the stench. Even with the fans pulling the air through the boat shed, it was pretty rank, especially down in the pit.

One of the trusties refused to stay down in it. He scrambled up the sides of the pit and ran out into the prairie and threw up. Then he walked over by the cars and sat down. But when he saw the rest of the men digging, he got up and re-joined them. "Hell," he said, "if you guys can do it, I can, and I guess it's got to be done."

The diggers found nine more bodies in the boat stall before winding up their operation shortly before 10 p.m. That brought the total to 17. They had dug a huge pit the width and length of the boat stall and to a depth of six feet. There they hit solid rock of a gray, almost cement-like texture.

The last foot or two of digging was the worst. What was left at the bottom was mostly sloshy mud. The men waded in it to get out the last shovel full so they wouldn't miss anything that might be evidence — a belt buckle, or a cigaret lighter with initials on it. . . anything that might help later in identifying the bodies.



Wayne Henley (left) and David Brooks, in a Houston Post photo by Jerry Click. The picture on the opposite page is of Dean Arnold Corll.

James, Newman and Earls stood in the stall doorway, on the edge of the gigantic pit. Their shoes were soaked through, their clothes clung to their exhausted bodies, black with sweat and rancid with the smell of death. The clothing would be burned or buried. The officers were satisfied they had recovered every body.

James, who had been on homicide only two months, turned wearily away, observing to a reporter, "I'll say one thing. This guy must have spent all his time digging. I don't see how he had time to work. This was just wall-to-wall bodies."

The detectives and trusties loaded the last of the dirt on a dump truck, replaced the panels in the rear of the boat stall, closed the swinging doors to the stall. It was 1:30 a.m. Friday before the trusties were back in their cells and Detectives James, Newman and Earls had returned to 61 Riesner Street, stripped themselves of their stinking garments, showered, dressed and were at their desks preparing their reports on their day's activities.

(The dirt from the stall was hauled away in the trucks to an undisclosed spot where it was sifted for evidence. Detective Siebeneicher called Mrs. Meynier the next day and told her that the Public Works Department was ready to refill the pit with fresh dirt and shell. Mrs. Meynier, weary of crowds and police cars, suggested that Monday would be a better day. The following Monday, August 13, a convoy of trucks rumbled into the boat yard compound. Drivers opened the stall doors and quickly dumped their loads into the open pit. They topped it off with a thick layer of shell, then packed and leveled the surface. The area in front of stall No. 11 was reshelled and packed. The trucks and the workmen left. Mrs. Meynier thought she would get a little peace. "But do you know what happened?" Mrs. Meynier said in disgust. "People kept coming back to look at the boat

yard, and they would dart through the fence and grab a handful of shell and dirt as souvenirs. Imagine that! They thought it was the original dirt from the boat stall, but it was all that new dirt. Ridiculous!")

Texas Ranger Charley Neel and Sheriff Burl (Pete) McBride of Angelina County were old friends and co-workers. Tall and rangy, they weighed 185 pounds and stood 6 feet 2 inches in height, and their western hats were boosted another three inches up into the sky by the heels of their cowboy boots.

Neel was blond and balding. McBride had graying hair and direct hazel eyes that squinted out from a sun-reddened face. Their offices were across the hall from each other in the Angelina County courthouse in Lufkin, the heart of the East Texas Piney Woods. In a matter of seconds after receiving Lieutenant Porter's call from Houston, Neel had stepped across the hall and informed McBride that a contingent of Houston and Pasadena law officers were enroute to Lufkin with a teen-ager named Wayne Henley, and that Henley claimed there were several bodies buried on the shores of Lake Sam Rayburn. Henley was supposed to lead the officers to the grave sites.

Neel and McBride reached for their maps to decide how to handle the search. Lake Sam Rayburn is named after the famous and politically powerful Sam Rayburn of Bonham, Texas, whose word was law during his years as Speaker of House of Representatives in Washington, D.C. It is bounded by five counties, though the major portion of the shoreline is in Angelina and San Augustine Counties.

Neel and McBride figured the bodies, if any, would be found in one or the other county. Neel called Ranger D. W. (Dub) Clark in San Augustine — 40 miles to the east — and suggested that Clark and Sheriff John Hoyt

of San Augustine County meet with the Lufkin and Harris County officers at 6 p.m. at the Lufkin Holiday Inn. Clark said he would inform Sheriff Hoyt of the arrangement.

Neel was hardly through talking with Clark when Dave Castle, a newscaster for Lufkin Television Channel 9, called to ask what was this about Houston officers digging for bodies at the lake? Neel commented that "Bad news sure does travel fast," and filled the newsman in on the story.

Soon Neel and McBride were checking their maps for possible grave sites along the lake shore. They agreed that if any bodies had been buried, the locations would be near or close to the ends of two long bridges which span the lake between Angelina and San Augustine Counties.

Rangers Neel and Clark, Sheriff McBride and Lufkin and Beaumont newsmen were waiting at the Holiday Inn when the Houston delegation of lawmen and their prisoner arrived, trailed by half a dozen cars full of Houston reporters and photographers. Sheriff Hoyt of San Augustine County was not there to greet the Houston delegation. He was still recuperating from a wild gun fight a month before, during which he lost an eye, one man was killed and five wounded. He said he would meet the searchers at the county line if it were determined that the bodies were buried in San Augustine County.

Henley appeared uncertain about how to get to the burial site. He insisted it was in a wooded area, not too far from Lake Sam Rayburn. This was no help. Lake Sam Rayburn is surrounded by the thickest stand of timber in the United States. Henley then remembered that a small town lay up the road from the burial site.

Sheriff McBride took over the questioning. Towering over the small, slightly built teen-ager in the hot, humid,

overcast evening, the sheriff helped Henley retrace the route he said he knew. Henley mentioned a town named "Zavalla," and McBride asked in his dry, matter-of-fact voice if Henley remembered crossing over a long bridge.

"Yeah," answered Henley. "We drove over a long bridge and then turned off to the left on a dirt road."

McBride and the Rangers knew that bridge. It is called "Mile Long Bridge" and Zavalla is on the west, Angelina County end while Broadus, a small town of 300 population, is on the east, or San Augustine County end. McBride plotted the course and, shortly after 6 p.m. Sergeant Mullican led off what had grown to be a convoy of considerable size.

Mullican drove southeast on Highway 69 for 20 miles, through Huntington to Zavalla. The searchers did not know that Dave Castle, the Lufkin Channel 9 newsman, lay by the roadside near Huntington with both legs and arms and several ribs broken. His car had been involved in an accident as he followed the convoy. His son also was injured.

At Zavalla the convoy cut back to the northeast on Highway 147 for five miles until it came to the long bridge heading straight out east across Lake Sam Rayburn — "Mile Long Bridge." The convoy headed out over the bridge and into San Augustine County. Sheriff Hoyt and three deputies — Robert Crosby, Dick Davis and Charles Martin, a criminal investigator — met the convoy in two cars as it pulled off the bridge. Hoyt had been informed of Henley's description of the area where the bodies were buried, and had kept up with the convoy's progress by radio.

Henley, at this point, lost himself and the body seekers. He directed the caravan through Broadus to Highway 103, east of Broadus. There he told Mullican he had missed the left turn off Highway 147.

The caravan turned around, retraced its path through

Broadbuss — and picked up five or ten additional cars full of curious citizens. And again, Henley led the officers astray. He directed Mullican into what turned out to be a wrong dirt road and the caravan turned back to Highway 147.

But within a quarter of a mile Henley pointed to another dirt road leading off to the right. This was F-M 3185, a narrow ribbon of red sandy dirt turned dark maroon by the morning's rain and hemmed in by sheer walls of tangled brush and green-brown trees and foliage that soared up and up to terminate in a thin slash of evening sky. One felt an almost irresistible temptation to reach out and touch these barriers as Mullican and Henley led the convoy over a series of low rises, drying on the slopes and tops, sloppy muddy in the hollows.

Half a mile later, Henley pointed to a road branching off to the left, and the caravan rolled along this road another half a mile deeper into the "Big Thicket." Henley halted Mullican at an intersection shaped like a "Y," studied the lay of the land a moment, then pointed to the left branch of the "Y." Just over the first rise, Henley told Mullican, is the place.

Henley stood to one side surrounded by reporters and photographers. He waved toward the wall of forestry and told them, "Here are some of the boys that I helped get for Dean. We were the pickers. We picked them up and Dean raped them and killed them and brought them out here to bury them."

Henley spoke with an almost complete detachment. His hands were free; the handcuffs had been removed during the drive to Lufkin. He was asked if he recalled specifically who would be found buried beyond that wall of trees and foliage. He muttered an answer, as if to himself.

"Billy's buried out there. . ."

"Billy who?"

"Billy Lawrence."

(Billy Ray Lawrence was the 15-year-old son of Horace J. Lawrence, 310 West 31st Street, just five blocks north of Henley's home at 325 West 27th in the Heights. A motherless boy [Mrs. Lawrence died in 1965], young Lawrence disappeared in early June, though he did write his father a letter shortly thereafter. His father never saw him alive again.)

Suddenly the searchers were startled by a great roaring overhead. A helicopter was hovering above them. It could hardly be seen through the branches of the towering trees.

It was being piloted by Wayne Forbes, who had spent two years in Vietnam with the 17th Air Cavalry. His passengers were Bob Wolfe, a Houston Channel 13 reporter, and his cameraman, Larry Connors. They had been late in leaving Houston, and Forbes had been skimming over the wilderness until his keen eyes had spotted the search party on the dirt road. Twice he had landed his chopper in pastures to get his bearings from surprised farmers.

Now, like a seamstress threading a needle, Forbes dropped the chopper through the narrow slit in the trees. Pine needles and cones showered the search party as the chopper's blades snipped their way to the road. Wolfe and Connors clambered out of the helicopter with their equipment and joined the other reporters and cameramen.

Sheriff Hoyt and the searchers, shovels in hand, were ready to go. They turned to Henley. The reporters and photographers also looked expectantly at the slight, tawny-haired youth. But Henley balked. "I'm not going to show you anything if these reporters come with us," he said. Sheriff Hoyt looked to the newsmen. They agreed to stay behind with the parked caravan of cars.

Satisfied, Henley strode across the muddy shoulder of

the road, up the slight bank to the timberline, and disappeared into the shadows. At his heels filed the line of sheriffs, deputies and detectives. Henley picked his way unerringly through the matted underbrush. The visiting detectives struggled to keep up, slipping and sliding along the muddy hillside. Sheriffs Hoyt and McBride, familiar with making progress through the "Big Thicket," pursued the paths of least resistance. They picked their way through more open areas, zig-zagging to avoid the back-lash of low branches and slashing underbrush that raised large welts on the arms and faces of the urban searchers and showered them with water. "You've got to be born and raised in these parts to know how to walk through these woods," McBride chuckled.

But Henley knew exactly where he was going. He had led the officers some 50 yards into the forest when, near the top of a rise, he paused beside an extra-large tree trunk. He pointed to a mound of leaf-covered earth a few yards up the slope, and told Mullican, "We buried one here." And he added, "There's one up over the hill."

The site of the first body was marked by officers with a red strip of cloth tied to a branch. Henley was asked to show the way to the second body. He led his followers up and over a rise and down to the second grave. He told Mullican he knew where two more boys were buried. He remembered the place well because he had stumbled over a log while helping carry the bodies to their grave-sites.

Hoyt, McBride, Mullican and the other officers gathered in a panting circle to decide on the next step. It was late in the evening. Perhaps two of the bodies could be recovered before dark. Hoyt sent a deputy back to the parked caravan to call for a hearse and "crash bags," to inform the newsmen that they could now enter the area.

The officers went to work. They had brought no trusties to dig for them. All would take their turns at the gruesome task before the evening was over. They had just uncovered the first body and were tugging at the plastic wrapping to extract it from the grip of the sticky red earth when the newsmen arrived.

Henley stood silent a few feet from the diggers until the stench seeped from the earth. Then he turned his head. He slipped, or fell, to a crouching position. He made his way some 40 feet up the hillside to stare in every direction but that of the diggers. And he kept shielding his face from the photographers.

Henley gave no reason why one of the bodies was discovered beneath a short, wide board, and the lawmen saw no significance in this. But Henley knew why. And David Brooks explained it in the statement he was giving Detectives Tucker and Hammill in Houston Homicide that very evening. "On the first one at Lake Sam Rayburn, I helped bury it," Brooks said. "Then the next one we took to Sam Rayburn, when we got there Dean and Wayne found that the first one had come to the surface and either a hand or foot was above ground. When they buried this one the second time they put some type of sheet on top of him to keep him down."

Hoyt called a halt to the digging after the second body was exhumed. It was 8 p.m. Only a few patches of red and yellow-streaked sky sparkled through the almost impenetrable bower of pine limbs overhead. Even at its brightest the sun seldom penetrated that jungle. The diggers were streaked with sweat, stained red almost to their belts from contact with the damp red earth. Soon a ground fog would rise.

Digging would be resumed for the remaining two bodies the next day, Sheriff Hoyt informed his weary companions. Henley would be taken to the San Augustine County jail "for some good food and a good night's

sleep." The group would meet at the graves at sunup.

The Lufkin Holiday Inn became headquarters for newsmen on the Lake Sam Rayburn Expedition that night. Reporters and photographers either returned to the motel directly from the scene of the grave sites, or joined the group after following Sheriff Hoyt to San Augustine to learn how Henley would spend the night. Newsmen wrote their stories or dictated them to rewrite men. But Jack Cato sped south to Houston, arriving at Channel 2 in time to have his material ready for the 10 p.m. newscast.

Henley seemed unconcerned during the drive to jail. He told Detective Willie Young he just wanted to get the bodies found, make his bond, and get back home. Young shook his head slowly in disbelief.

At the San Augustine jail Sheriff Hoyt summoned Justice of the Peace C. A. Renfro, and Henley again was read his constitutional rights. Renfro and Henley stood just inside the jail door. The bright ceiling lights etched in sharp relief the pressing faces of officers, newsmen, and hangers-on caught inside the tiny jail lobby by the suddenness of the ceremony. Sheriff Hoyt did not object to all the witnesses. "Now there will be no question that Henley's rights have been read to him, in San Augustine County, at least," he said. He did not know that the youth had gone through a similar ceremony in Pasadena the day before.

Hoyt then dispersed the crowd and turned to the business of arraigning Henley on two counts of murder. The youth stared hard at Hoyt when Justice Renfro set his bond at \$100,000. The speedy arraignment and the high bond upset Sergeant Mullican, who felt he was about to lose a prisoner. "Who ever heard of an officer bringing a suspect into an area to investigate a crime and they try to charge him and hold him there," Mullican

said. But Sheriff Hoyt assured Mullican he had no intention of holding Henley. He just wanted to make sure he was protected as far as the San Augustine phase of the investigation was concerned, he explained.

Henley, once the legal steps were out of the way, pressed the sheriff for permission to call his mother in Houston. Unfortunately, he confessed, he had no money. "Well, go ahead and make the call," the sheriff said. "I guess you can make it on San Augustine County time." He led Henley to his office, and soon the youth was talking with his mother. Henley got angry with her and demanded to know why she hadn't hired him a lawyer. His feelings were still ruffled when he hung up.

Henley also made it clear to the sheriff that he did not want to share a cell with another inmate. Sheriff Hoyt was agreeable. He broke out a set of clean sheets and a clean pillow case and fixed up another cell. Henley appeared satisfied. But shortly after the cell door was locked, he called the sheriff to complain he felt ill. He asked for a doctor. Hoyt summoned a physician, who examined the youth thoroughly and reported he was in good health, but nervous and tired. He gave Henley two pills. Henley was to take one then, the other later. They were just to calm his nerves and help him get to sleep. But Henley laughed and swept the pills from the table to the floor.

Sheriff Hoyt protested. "The doctor's just trying to help you, son!"

Henley laughed again. "I just wanted to see if you would get me a doctor if I was really sick."

Hoyt decided to spend the night at the jail. After listening to the youth bawl out his mother and laugh at the physician, he hardly knew what to expect from his prisoner. Around 2 a.m. he padded up the stairs to the second floor to check on his prisoner and found Henley awake, unable to sleep. Hoyt went back downstairs, put

on a pot of coffee, and soon he and Henley were sitting in Henley's cell talking. Henley told Hoyt that he, himself, had shot one of the two boys recovered from the forest and had helped Dean Corll strangle the other. All in all, Henley told the sheriff during their jail cell chat, he had helped kill nine of the youngsters he had supplied Corll.

("I must say I was surprised at this boy's demeanor, there in the cell," Hoyt told this writer. "He just talked as freely and naturally as we are talking here right now. We had a casual, free and easy talk.")

That night, also, the father of Billy Lawrence called Sheriff Hoyt. He had heard the name of his son mentioned on a telecast. The father and Hoyt had known each other for years, their friendship going back to the days when the sheriff was a member of Texas Ranger Company A in Harris County. Hoyt referred Lawrence to Dr. Jack Pruitt, a Lufkin pathologist who was retained by San Augustine County for autopsy work. The bodies of the two boys retrieved that day were in the county morgue awaiting Dr. Pruitt's arrival next morning.

Lawrence called Dr. Pruitt and told him his son had a "V" chipped into one of his upper teeth, the result of a football incident. Dr. Pruitt was to find the "V" the next day. The body was flown to Houston to be examined by the boy's dentist and his father; the body was that of Lawrence's son, Bill. He was one of the first to be identified.

As Henley and Sheriff Hoyt talked in the youth's cell, and Lawrence slept fitfully after his call to the sheriff and Dr. Pruitt, Mullican and Smith worked through the night writing their offense report on developments in the case that day. They went to bed at 4 a.m. in Lufkin's Holiday Inn.

David Owen Brooks was well into his second statement to Detectives Tucker and Hammill by the time digging got underway at Lake Sam Rayburn. And Brooks had become quite specific as to the names of boys lured into Corll's hands to be raped, tortured and killed. He named places where boys had been killed, and gave locations of grave sites where some had been buried. But he shied away completely from the subject of the mutilations of a few of the recovered bodies. His only comment about this was to say, "Wayne seemed to enjoy causing pain, and he was extremely sadistic at the Schuler address." (Corll had lived in a house on Schuler and Washington Avenue in 1971 — one of at least a dozen houses or apartments he had lived in during the three-year period of 1970-73.)

Brooks claimed that he never participated in any actual killings. He freely implicated Wayne Henley, however, even to the extent of describing how Henley had shot or throttled young boys. (Yet Henley had insisted that Brooks had a hand in almost every killing that he [Henley] was involved in.)

Brooks' reticence to involve himself stemmed, Tucker deduced, from a conversation the youth had with his father earlier. The youth assured his father, "I have not taken a human life." The father was relieved. He told officers, "I don't think I could stand it if my son had actually killed one of the boys." His son's involvement — the little he knew at that time — had brought a deep hurt to the father's eyes. His physical depression struck Tucker like a sharp blow.

"Obviously the boy is standing by the story he told his father," Tucker told his fellow officers. "He doesn't want to let his father down."

Brooks gave details of parties that Corll tossed for future prospects, related details of killings by Corll and Henley, and even admitted that he drove the white van

to the various burial sites and helped bury the bodies. But he never admitted in his statements that he actually killed one of the victims.

Mr. Brooks remained in the police station, always available for consultation with his son, during the statement-taking. Tucker and Hammill would have preferred the senior Brooks to absent himself completely during this difficult time, but the father insisted on standing by. He would wait in a vacant office. At times, young Brooks would ask to see his father, perhaps to explain a point before including it in his statement.

Early on during Brooks' first statement, it became obvious that he was not telling the truth. He rambled, was evasive. Yet, from general conversations Tucker had with the boy during both statement-takings, the detective was left with a feeling that Brooks was "a bright kid, certainly no dumb bunny." Brooks thought Dean Corll was "really smart — a brilliant and generous man." He had known Corll since he was 10 years old, had gotten involved with the man through his free candy gifts and visits to the candy store.

In his first statement, Brooks said he first met Corll while visiting Houston from Beaumont in 1969. Later Corll paid him \$5 to \$10 for sexual services (sodomy). He eventually moved in with Corll, and they roomed together at various intervals.

One day, Brooks told Tucker, he walked into Corll's apartment on Yorktown (3300 Yorktown, in 1970) without knocking and found Dean naked. There were two naked boys strapped to a board in another room. Corll demanded to know what the hell Brooks was doing there. He ordered the boy to leave. Later, Brooks told Tucker, Corll offered to buy him a new car if he wouldn't tell anyone what he had seen. Brooks agreed and, he said, Corll later paid off with a new car.

Brooks was afraid of Corll and they often quarreled.

He said he had taken Wayne Henley to Corll's apartment and introduced the two more than two years before. That was shortly after Brooks had moved in with Corll for an extended period of time. Eventually, Brooks and Henley became good friends, and Henley became involved in the killings. Yet, despite their friendship, Brooks said, he was slugged one day by Henley as he walked into Corll's apartment. He was thrown upon a bed where Corll took sexual liberties with him while Henley left the room.

Another time, Brooks told the officer, he watched Corll and Henley shackle a young boy while pretending to show him a trick with a set of handcuffs. Henley, Brooks said, wanted to kill the youth, but he (Brooks) talked Corll out of this, and the boy was released.

Most of the above information was not contained in Brooks' second statement, the one that came after the dramatic confrontation at Porter's instigation, when Henley told Brooks to "tell them everything, David. I did."

The second statement follows:

"The first killing that I remember happened when Dean (Corll) was living at the Yorktown townhouse (3300 Yorktown). There were two boys there and I left before they were killed. But Dean told me that he had killed them afterwards. I don't know where they were buried or what their names were. The first few that Dean killed were supposed to have been sent off somewhere in California.

(Corll has been placed as living at the Yorktown address in 1970. Only one boy of those whose bodies were recovered and identified was reported missing in 1970. He was Jeffrey Alan Konen, 21, of 3118 Underwood. A University of Texas student, young Konen had hitch-hiked from Austin to Houston with another UT student. He was last seen by his fellow student when he

got out of a car at Voss Road and Westheimer at 6 p.m., September 25, 1970, saying he would hitch another ride on home. His body was found buried on the High Island beach and identified August 15.)

"The first killing that I remember being present at was on 6363 San Felipe (an apartment). That boy was Ruben Haney. Dean and I were the only people involved in that one. But Dean did the killing, and I was just present when it happened."

(Brooks could have been confused. Ruben Haney disappeared August 17, 1971, while Corll and Brooks rented an apartment at 6363 San Felipe on July 15, 1972 and lived there for six weeks or, at least, operated from that address. Young Haney was sometimes referred to in news columns as Ruben Haney Watson, the confusion resulting from a second marriage by his mother.)

"I also remember two boys who were killed at the Place One Apartments on Mangum Road (3200 Mangum). They were brothers and their father worked next door where they were building some apartments. I was present when Dean killed them by strangling them but again I did not participate. I believe that I was present when they were buried, but I don't remember where they were buried. The youngest of these boys is the youngest that was killed I think.

(The two boys were Donald Edward Waldrop, 17, and his 13-year-old brother, Jerry Lynn Waldrop, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Evertt Waldrop. They lived at 904½ Tulane in the Heights at the time while Mr. Waldrop, a construction worker, was employed in the construction of the apartments mentioned by Brooks. The Waldrop brothers disappeared January 31, 1971.)

"I remember one boy who was killed on Columbia Street at Dean's house. (Corll lived in at least two houses on Columbia Street). This was just before Wayne Henley came into the picture. Dean kept this boy around the

house for about four days before he killed him. I don't remember his name but we picked him up on 11th and Rutland. I think I helped bury this boy also, but I don't remember where it was. This was about two years ago. It really upset Dean to have to kill this boy because he really liked him.

"A boy by the name of Glass was also killed at the (915) Columbia address. I had taken him home one time but he wouldn't get out because he wanted to go back to Dean's. I took him back and Dean ended up killing him. Now that I think about it, I'm not sure whether it was Glass that I took home or another boy. But I believe it was Glass.

(James Eugene Glass, 14, 1706 Wycliff, and his friend Danny Michael Yates, 15, of 10951 Hazelhurst, disappeared the night of December 15, 1970, after attending a religious ceremony at 2025 West 11th Street with the Glass boy's father. They told him they would meet him after the services but never showed up. Corll presumably had moved from the Yorktown Apartments to 915 Columbia by this time for the dates in Brooks' statement as to the Columbia address match with the date the Glass and Yates boys disappeared.)

"It was during the time that we were living on Columbia Street that Wayne Henley got involved. Wayne took part in getting the boys at first and then later he took an active part in the killings. Wayne seemed to enjoy causing pain and he was especially sadistic at the Schuler address.

"Most of the killings that occurred after Wayne came into the picture involved all three of us. I still did not take part in the actual killing but nearly always all three of us were there.

"I was present when Mark Scott was killed at the Schuler Street address (925 Schuler at Washington, just south of the Heights). I had told yesterday in my witness

statement about Mark Scott being in the Schuler house but I did not say that I was present, which I was. Mark had a knife and he tried to get Dean. He swung at him with a knife and caught Dean's shirt and barely broke the skin. He still had one hand tied and Dean grabbed the hand with the knife. Wayne ran out of the room and got a pistol, and Mark just gave up. Wayne killed Mark Scott and I think that he strangled him. Mark was either buried at the (High Island) beach or at the boat house.

"There was another boy killed at the Schuler house; actually there were two at this time. A boy named Billy Baulch and a Johnny and I think his name was Malone. Wayne strangled Billy and he said, 'Hey, Johnny' and when Johnny looked up Wayne shot him in the forehead with a .25 automatic. The bullet came out of his ear and he raised up and about three minutes later he said, 'Wayne, please don't!' Then Wayne strangled him and Dean helped.

"It was while we were living on Schuler that Wayne and Dean got me down and started to kill me. I begged Dean not to kill me and he finally let me go. I told about this in my witness statement and that part of the statement was absolutely true. It was also at this address that they got Billy Ridinger and what I said in my witness statement was true about him. I took care of him while he was there and I believe the only reason he is alive now is because I begged them not to kill him.

"Wayne and Dean got one boy by themselves while we were on Schuler. He was a tall, skinny boy. I just happened to walk in the house and there he was. I left before they killed this one.

(Brooks thus identified three of the four boys killed at the Schuler address. The bodies of two of them, Billy Gene Baulch, 17, and Johnny Delome, 16, were found at High Island. The body of Mark Scott, the boy who fought back with a knife, has not been identified and,

perhaps, has not been found. The body of a "tall, skinny boy" was found in the boat shed. It may have been that of Mike Baulch, 14, Billy's brother. The dates on which both boys disappeared coincide with the period that Corll lived on Schuler Street. A fifth boy may have been murdered on Schuler. Frank Anthony Aguirre, 19, of 923 West Cottage in the Heights, disappeared on February 24, 1972. His body was found on High Island. He had been strangled to death.)

"In the first apartment we lived in at Wescott Towers (904 Westcott, from June 26 to November 6, 1972) I think that there were two boys killed. These were both young boys from the Heights area but I don't know their names. Wayne accidentally shot one of them. This was about 7 a.m. I was in the other room asleep when this happened. Dean told me that Wayne had just come in waving the .22 and accidentally shot one of the boys in the jaw. The bullet just went in a little and then it was just under the skin. They didn't kill the boy right then. They killed these two boys later that day.

(The two boys may have been two Heights youngsters, Wally Jay Simineaux, 14, and Richard Edward Hembree, 13. Both disappeared on October 2, 1972 and their bodies were found in the boat shed.)

"Dean moved to the Princessa Apartments at 1855 Wirt Road (January 20 to March 7) and I remember him getting one boy there by himself. He wanted me to help him but I wouldn't do it. I didn't want to mess with this one because I had someplace I wanted to go so I tried to get him (the boy) mad so he would leave but he wanted to stay. Dean grabbed the boy and within three minutes of when he grabbed him I was gone. At that time I was using Dean's car so I was in and out all the time.

"After the Princessa Apartments Dean moved to Pasadena. I know of two that were killed there. One was from Baton Rouge and one was a small blond boy from

South Houston. I saw the boy from South Houston for about 45 minutes. I took him a pizza and then I left and he wanted me to come back. I wasn't there when either of these two boys were killed. I did come in just after Dean had killed the boy from Baton Rouge, the one that was different from the blond boy.

(Five boys whose bodies have been identified disappeared after Dean Corll moved to 2020 Lamar Drive in Pasadena. Billy Lawrence, 15, disappeared in June, 1973; his body was found at Lake Sam Rayburn. Raymond Stanley Blackburn, 20, of Baton Rouge, disappeared June 15, 1973; his body was found at the lake. Homer L. Garcia, 15, disappeared July 17, 1973; his body was found at the lake. Marty Ray Jones, 18, and Charles Cary Cobble, 17, disappeared July 25, 1973; their bodies were buried in the boat stall. And James Stanton Dreymala, 13, the "small blond boy from South Houston," disappeared August 3, 1973, hardly a week before Wayne Henley shot Corll to death Wednesday morning, August 8, 1973. His body was found in the boat shed.)

"In all, I guess there were between 25 and 30 boys killed and they were buried in three different places. I was present and helped bury many of them but not all of them. Most of them were buried at the boat stall. (Seventeen bodies were recovered in stall No. 11.) There were three or four buried at (Lake) Sam Rayburn I think. I am sure that there are two up there. (Four bodies exhumed.) On the first one at Sam Rayburn I helped bury them. Then the next one we took to Sam Rayburn, when we got there Dean and Wayne found that the first one had come to the surface and either a foot or a hand was above the ground. When they buried this one the second time they put some type of sheet on top of him to keep him down.

"The third place they were buried was on the beach

at High Island. (Six bodies were found.) This was right off the Winnie Exit where the road goes to the beach. You turn east on the beach road and go until the pavement changes which is about a quarter or a half of a mile and the bodies are on the right side of the highway about 15 or 20 yards off the road. I know that one of the graves had a large rock on top of it. I think that there were five or more bodies buried at this location.

"The bodies at the beach are in a row down the beach for perhaps half a mile or so. I am willing to show officers where this location is and I will try to locate as many of the graves as possible.

"I regret that this happened, and I'm sorry for the kids' families."

The statement was signed by Brooks and witnessed by his father.

During the course of the second statement, Brooks was placed under arrest for his involvement in the mass murders. Until it became apparent through his statement of this involvement, Brooks had been considered as a "volunteer" witness and, as such, was not subject to arrest.

Brooks was to make yet a third statement, but it would concentrate on the specific details of a few, selected killings. Detective Tucker called this Brooks' "confession" statement. But in this third statement, also, Brooks refused to concede that he, personally, had killed any one of the victims of Dean Corll's sadistic dope-sex-murder ring.

That second day — Thursday — had also been a busy one at the Harris County Morgue in the basement of Houston's Ben Taub General Hospital. There the task of identifying the pitiful remains removed from the boat stall Wednesday night had fallen to Dr. Joseph A. Jachimczyk, one of the country's top forensic patholo-

gists, and his staff. It had taken only the briefest of glances at the eight decomposing bodies for him to realize he faced one of the greatest challenges of his career.

Dr. Jachimczyk and his two assistants, Dr. Ethel Erickson and Dr. G. Sheldon Green, immediately had launched into an examination that was to consume their energies night and day, and weekends too, for days and weeks to come. It was a tedious, yet monumental job, performed under emotional and emergency conditions. It had to be done while the pathologist and his staff carried on their routine heavy load of autopsies on victims of shootings, drownings, stabbings, suicides — deaths by accident or design — that wind up daily in the morgue.

As they pursued their grim work — and as more bodies were found in the shed that day — the very magnitude of the job depleted equipment and supplies. And the emotional strain of dealing with parents and relatives of missing boys, who flooded Dr. Jachimczyk's office with identifying tips and clues, was exhausting. "It overwhelmed us, it really put a strain on all our facilities," Dr. Jachimczyk told a writer later. He admitted to losing his temper a few times. He said he had "driven his staff up the wall" on occasions ("which is not like me at all, you know"), but added that the magnificent effort of his staff was "praiseworthy, to say the least."

Dr. Jachimczyk drew a contrast between the mass murders and an airplane crash in explaining the difficulties he and his staff faced. "In an airplane crash, you have all the bodies contained in one small area, and there are passenger lists available. It is considerably easier to match up identifications. But here, we have many different murders, from various and widely separated locations as to burial. Each body must be considered from such viewpoints as the exact cause of death, the time of

death and where (the victim was) killed."

Dr. Jachimczyk stressed the necessity of having a "point of reference" in his search for identity. The first two boys to be positively identified Thursday afternoon were Marty Ray Jones and Charles Cary Cobble — through dental charts and X-rays.

Dr. Jachimczyk sought from parents and friends or relatives information about clothes the victims wore when last seen, the size and type of shoes, any identifying medals, trinkets or keep-sakes they might have possessed. James Stanton Dreymala, the "little blond kid" enticed into Corll's white van with the promise of more Coke bottles to sell for spending money (according to Wayne Henley), was identified by matching the fingerprints from his corpse with those on his school books.

Two brothers — Donald Edward Waldrop, 15, and Jerry Lynn Waldrop, 13 — were identified from bone structure and clothing supplied by their father (and the two boys were to figure later in a tragic incident of mis-burial).

As the body count mounted, the task of identification became harder. Some of the bodies had been buried for two years or more and only bones were found. "We had X-rays of the bodies and some were completely disjointed," Dr. Jachimczyk said. "We had many bones and we didn't know which went with each body."

Adding to the strain was the deluge of requests for information from the parents of missing youngsters throughout the nation. The parents of a missing Detroit youth wrote to Dr. Jachimczyk about their missing boy's abnormal spine configuration. "We haven't found it," the pathologist said, "but we're looking for it."

Dean Corll's sadistic enterprise paid off in bad dreams for Dr. Jachimczyk and his staff, too. His own work on the bodies of the mass murder victims brought him bad

nightmares — “for the first time in 20 years. And I know that Dr. Erickson has had nightmares, too.”

As to the possibility that some of the remains will never be identified, Dr. Jachimczyk is the optimist. “We are going to get to the end. Everything is being done that can possibly be done.” It is possible that he will wind up on a dead-end street with some of the remains, but Dr. Jachimczyk said he hasn’t reached that state in his thinking, yet.

The possibility that additional bodies were in other burial sites was explored. Before the day was out Thursday a squad of Pasadena city employes, shovels in hand and trailed by a score of reporters, photographers and TV cameramen, tramped through Corll’s green and white frame house at 2020 Lamar Drive to the back yard. There they dug closely spaced test holes. They found no bodies. This procedure was followed later behind the Corll candy factory in the Heights and with the same result.

The Third Day

Sheriff John Hoyt meant it about an early renewal Friday morning of the search for more bodies. He tapped on Wayne Henley’s cell door just as the rising sun splintered the horizon with gaudy shades of reds, yellows and greens. He gave the youth a choice for breakfast — ham, sausage or bacon and eggs. If it was bacon, he would get three big strips. Sitting on the edge of the bed, draped in the sheriff’s clean white sheets, Henley pondered briefly. Then he ordered bacon and eggs.

The sheriff sent the order across the street to Gladys’s Cafe. He was proud of the reputation of the San Augustine county jail in providing good food and lodging. “We don’t serve baloney or spam like some of these jails,” Hoyt told this writer. “And we’ve never had any complaints, either. Why, we had a prisoner recently who had ulcers. We always brought him what he could eat, and a big glass of milk, too. That milk cost the county 37 cents. That’s pretty good for a country jail. Our prisoners order what they want from Gladys’s Cafe; they eat just what everyone else in town eats at Gladys’s place.”

Henley appeared relaxed and in good spirits after his breakfast. He had a smile for the newsmen who gathered at the jail door as he was brought out to lead the way for further digging. He said he thought he would have little

trouble in locating "two more bodies," and in reply to a question said he had received "great treatment" in jail. Sheriff Hoyt beamed at this praise.

Hoyt led his caravan back to the two grave sites in the piney woods. Mullican and the other lawmen were waiting there — plus about 50 residents of the nearby town of Broadus.

Henley wasted no time. He walked directly through the woods until he came to a long, limbless tree trunk laying on the ground. "I remember that trunk," he said. "I stumbled over it when we brought these bodies here." He climbed a small rise and pointed down a slope. Two graves were there, hardly 10 feet apart.

The lawmen unearthed the bodies quickly. When Henley assured them that he knew of no other bodies buried in the area, the Lake Sam Rayburn expedition was ended. It was time to move on to the High Island beach.

One resident of Broadus who watched the hearse roll away with the two bodies was Mrs. Jerry Mitchell. "We moved away from Houston two months ago to get away from this sort of thing," she said. "We wanted to raise our children in a quiet place, and now we find out about this thing."

Had Mrs. Mitchell investigated before moving to Broadus from Houston she might not have considered the Big Thicket a sylvan retreat. The area is a breeding ground of strange happenings — and violent ones. It was a sanctuary for runaway slaves and draft dodgers during the Civil War. It was the stomping ground of many an infamous gunslinger, including the kingpin, John Wesley Hardin.

Three sheriffs of San Augustine County have been shot dead since the turn of the century. The revered Texas Ranger Captain Dudley White fell before an out-

law's gun in 1917.

And during six weeks prior to the body search, a highway patrolman shot and killed a motorcyclist who he said drew a pistol on him; a game warden was murdered; and Sheriff Hoyt himself had barely escaped with his life in a blazing gun battle which cost him an eye.

Now the Lufkin newspaper would have front page stories about torture and sexual mutilation, written by Ray Sasser and Lynn Dunlap. They had been told of the mutilations by detectives who had been at the Houston boatyard and at the Big Thicket burial site. The four bodies recovered in the wilderness "had received very sadistic treatment," Sheriff Hoyt said. Two of the victims had been strangled with cords. A third had been strangled with a self-locking plastic strap. The fourth possibly had been hanged; the cord around his neck was fashioned into a hangman's noose. All of them had been beaten severely, particularly around the head. And in one instance, the sexual organs had been removed. They were found beside the body, encased in a plastic pouch. The penis of another victim had been mangled, either orally or with a dull knife, the officers concluded.

All of this in San Augustine County where Mrs. Mitchell had sought peace and quiet for herself and her family.

Lieutenant Breck Porter literally had forced his way to his desk that Friday morning. He had been prepared to handle the concentration of local and state newsmen and their ubiquitous cameras that flashed and whirled in his face. He had realized that the wide interest in the grisly exhumations and the mounting body count would lure representatives of the national news and television networks and major daily newspapers. But in the press of reporters staring at him from across his desk and down at him from around the sides of his

office were people bearing foreign names, wearing clothes that didn't fit into the sartorial homogeny of Texas dress.

These were writers and cameramen who had flown in from Japan, Australia, Sweden, England, Germany and Canada — drawn to 61 Riesner Street by the magnet of mass murder. They didn't even speak Porter's language fluently. (It should be added that these visitors had not been taught their English with a Texas drawl and inflection; their efforts to communicate with Texas lawmen were well worth listening to.)

Porter cautiously glanced at the progress reports on the new discoveries at Dean Corll's boat stall, thumbed slowly through the stack of messages spiked on the black fountain pen beside his in-basket. He carefully slid a note about David Brooks' second statement into his desk drawer. He stalled as long as he could. But the horde of newmen would not go away.

"Say something, Breck," said a Houston Chronicle reporter, amused at the sight of Porter at bay.

"What do you want to know?" Porter asked.

The question loosed a barrage of questions, and Porter raised his arms to quiet his captors. Then he launched into a quiet resume of the case for the benefit of the visiting media. He concluded with the news that he soon would dispatch a contingent of homicide detectives to the beach at High Island, a small community on the Bolivar peninsula across the bay from Galveston island. He said that expedition should be leaving by 11 a.m. and would rendezvous with Pasadena and Houston detectives and their prisoner, Wayne Henley, at 12:30 p.m. David Brooks would accompany the Houston officers. Brooks had said in his statement that he had driven Corll's white van to the beach and helped bury bodies. Brooks thought at least five bodies would be found beneath the sands.

Porter denied the reporters permission to interview Brooks. They left him and hurried to their press room to lay plans to accompany officers to High Island and the new search for the bodies of missing boys. Porter sighed, wiped his glasses, and began anew his examination of overnight reports that had piled up on his desk.

Dean Arnold Corll was laid to rest in a quiet 15-minute service at Pasadena's Grand View Memorial Park. The American flag was removed from his casket and given to his father before the casket was lowered into the grave.

The Reverend Robert D. Joiner of the Sunset United Methodist Church in Pasadena conducted the services. Among the small group of 40 relatives and friends at the quiet burial were half a dozen members of Corll's immediate family, including his mother, Mrs. Mary West of Manitou Springs, Colorado, and his grandmother, Mrs. Gertrude Corll of Indiana.

It must have been a difficult service for Reverend Joiner. But he could not avoid the admonition that "the greatest heroism is just going on and remembering that Christ came to the world to love those whom others despise.

"We must now deliver this man into God's judgment and also His mercy and grace. And I commend the family to the same mercy and grace because they must now live with the things that will be said."

The minister issued an appeal for acceptance of Corll's fate when he told those who loved the man that "no matter how much we love our children we must let them go and not feel guilty for what they make of their lives."

No music was played for Dean Corll, no songs were sung. He rated the flag as an ex-serviceman. His remains were lowered into the grave and the sparse crowd quietly

departed the cemetery.

Mrs. Mary Henley did not attend the funeral. She did tell reporters seeking clues to the relationships of the principals in the slayings that her son Wayne and David Brooks had not always been good friends. They would quarrel, would not see each other for periods of time. And recently, she said, Wayne had been acting strangely but would not tell her what was bothering him.

"Now it is too late to help him," she almost sobbed.

Mrs. Henley apparently had no great affection for David Brooks. "He often criticized me for how I controlled my youngsters. He told me my kids could take care of themselves and to let them alone. I told him I liked to know where they were and what they were doing."

Wayne, too, worried about his three younger brothers and would fret about it all evening if one were absent and Wayne didn't know where he was. "He would be upset until we heard from him," she said.

Tired, unsuccessful in her efforts to be with her son, Mrs. Henley said that she had hired an attorney to represent Wayne.

The attorney, Charles Melder, told reporters he would seek a court order for the youth's release. He claimed the police had no right to hold Henley since no charges had been filed against him in Harris County (Henley was charged with three counts of murder in San Augustine County and bond set at \$100,000).

Melder also sought an order restraining the police from questioning Henley outside the presence of his attorney, and indicated he would seek medical attention for him "because of a nervous condition."

But Henley even then was enroute to High Island to join David Brooks in the search for more bodies.

David Brooks was hustled into a patrol car at 11 a.m. Friday by Houston homicide detectives Jim Tucker, Jack Hammill and Steve Daniels. Accompanying the detectives were six trustees from the county jail. They had a 12:30 p.m. rendezvous at Dot's Cafe in High Island with the contingent of Houston and Pasadena detectives who were bringing in Wayne Henley. Informed of the time and place of the meeting, too, were Sheriff Louis Otter of Chambers County in Anahuac, Sheriff John Culbertson of Jefferson County in Beaumont, and Sheriff J. B. Kline of Galveston County in Galveston.

By 12:30 p.m., Dot's Cafe and the area around it resembled a convention of South Texas lawmen. City and county patrol cars sprouting aerials in a great variety of lengths were parked alongside State Highway patrol cars and green Texas Parks and Wild Life commission vehicles. And there were scores of cars loaded with impatient newsmen hoping for action before their evening deadlines.

Roosting on the beach were three helicopters chartered by NBC, CBS and ABC camera crews. Pilot Wayne Forbes made four trips from Houston ferrying newsmen and camera crews. And it seemed that most of the community's 300 residents were on hand.

Sheriff Louis Otter of Chambers County was flabbergasted when he arrived. "I thought this was a more or less secret expedition," he said. "At least, I was told my information as to the meeting place was confidential." He was a little annoyed, also. The reporters had eaten almost all of the food in the cafe. Sheriff Otter was accompanied by Chief Deputy Don Shawberger, Chief Investigator Wesley King and Deputies Douglas Nix and Dave Matlock.

Sheriff J. B. Kline of Galveston County had anticipated such a turnout. He brought along Deputy Danny Perez for the sole purpose of directing traffic. Also with

him were Captain J. D. Irvin, Lieutenant Eddie Burke (a medical examiner) and Jim Hawkins (an identification expert).

When Sheriff John Culbertson of Jefferson County arrived, the necessary officials were on hand to handle any jurisdictional problems which might arise involving the location and disposition of bodies. The bodies, according to Henley and Brooks, could be in any one of the three counties — Chambers, Galveston or Jefferson. Sheriff Culbertson brought with him Captain D. W. Woods and Chief Deputy Dave Hawthorne.

At last the time came for action. Deputy Perez and some assistants lined up in the multitude of vehicles in single file on Highway 87. Perez waved an arm and shouted "Yahoooooooo" and down the beach road moved the fantastic caravan of more than 100 vehicles of all sizes and shapes. There were little foreign cars used mostly by newsmen, antenna-waving police cars, the hearse bringing up the rear, a small yellow bulldozer and trench digger borrowed from the local water district and panting to keep up, pickup trucks and campers owned by residents of the area, and even a long highway tanker that, somehow, had become ensnared in the caravan. The trio of helicopters hovered above it all. To landward a small plane roamed, seeking an airstrip within striking distance of the beach.

Brooks was correct as to distances. About a mile down the highway he pointed to a large rock on the beach by the side of the road. "I didn't help bury that body," he told officers. "About six months ago Dean told me it was where he buried one of the boys."

The caravan stopped. Reporters, cameramen and photographers were told they must stand out of the way while the officers conducted a search under the directions of Brooks and Henley. Then they would be welcome to take pictures of the grave sites — if any were

found. Passing motorists were stopping now, parking along the road. And the arrival of the mass of cars had attracted sunbathers and beach campers and picnickers. They swarmed to the scene to be told, also, to stand back out of the way and not hinder the diggers.

The sun was boiling hot. There was little breeze, and the beating of the surf hardly 20 yards away seemed muted to a mutter as Henley and Brooks led officers and trusties to the rock. The trusties had little trouble moving it aside. They began digging and quickly their shovels struck and became entangled in a weathered plastic bag.

This first body to be found on the beach was totally decomposed except for strips of flesh on the feet. Many of the watchers turned their faces as the officers grasped the plastic covering at each end and carefully lifted it up and over to the sandy beach. Bits of white lime fell from the corpse as the hearse attendants placed it in their "crash bags" and carried it to their body car.

Henley, meantime, was turning an interview session with the reporters into a defense against taking Rhonda Williams to Corll's house at 2020 Lamar Drive in Pasadena. His stance was casual but his voice was earnest as he stood beside Mullican's green Plymouth, facing the crowd of reporters and sightseers encircling him. He insisted he had not violated Rhonda as she lay naked and helpless, shackled to Corll's "torture board" by her wrists and ankles. What happened to Rhonda "was not my doing," Henley insisted to the reporters, while the spectators strained forward to catch his every word.

Tall, bespectacled Sheriff Otter snorted. "He's not fidgety telling them this story, and I'll wager he wasn't fidgety either when he was helping bury those boys." Otter, in his 27th year as sheriff of Chambers County, wiped his forehead as he examined the chattering crowd sweltering beneath the hot August sun. Then he shook his head. "My!" he exclaimed.

Henley ended the interview. He and Brooks struck off down the beach toward a camper parked 100 yards away. Newsmen and excited spectators surged along behind. At the camper was a family of vacationers busy raising an awning on one side to provide shade. A small boy was vainly trying to erect a collapsible barbecue pit in anticipation of the evening meal.

The man of the family soon halted his work to walk a few steps up the beach. Puzzled, he stared at the advancing horde. Then he and his family and their camper were surrounded by a jostling mob and Henley was pointing to a spot about 15 feet from the camper and telling Mullican: "Here is another body."

The father turned to his startled family. "Let's get out of here!" he exclaimed. Within minutes the awning and barbecue pit had been stored away. The family hastily clambered in the camper and it went rattling and lurching down the beach to disappear beyond a sand dune.

As Bob Wolfe of Houston's Channel 13 aimed his camera at the scene he felt his arm fly up and an elbow jabbed him in his ribs. He looked down at an attractive woman slowly but surely wedging her way toward the diggers. "Damn it, I can't see," she muttered.

Wolfe was irked. He leaned down and told the newcomer firmly that she was out of line. "Why don't you go home and take care of the babies instead of running around here looking at dead bodies?" he inquired. The woman withered him with a glance. "I'm the Justice of the Peace for this precinct and I'll do my job the best way I can," she said. Wolfe shrank back. "Excuse me, sweetheart," he said. "I didn't know you were the judge." She marched on to the open clearing and began to talk with the officers. Wolfe noticed that she wore a pair of scarred cowboy boots.

When the second body had been lifted from its grave

and transferred to a "crash bag," Wolfe turned to Sheriff Otter and asked about the woman. Sheriff Otter said, "That lady is Mary Dugat of Winnie. She's the Justice of the Peace for Precinct #3 of Chambers County. And she is quite a lady." Pointing to her cowboy boots, he added, "She comes dressed for the occasion, and we get her into some pretty bad spots at times."

Wolfe sought her out before he left for Houston. He apologized for his rude remarks. He said, "If I'd known you were a judge, and especially that kind of a judge, I would have opened up a hole for you to get through the mob." He was forgiven.

But she was tough on the pressing mob of spectators. She informed Sheriff Otter that she just might fine spectators \$20 each if they didn't "shape up and behave themselves."

Brooks and Henley differed widely in their reactions to the sightseers and the press at the beach. Brooks refused to speak to reporters. He kept his face away from the ring of watchers as the bodies were lifted from their sandy graves, and ducked and tried to shield his face from the cameras that stared him in the eyes every time he looked up. Henley appeared relatively unperturbed.

Asked by a reporter if he had implicated Brooks in the killings, Henley's answer was succinct: "I did not. David hung himself." He told reporters again that he became involved with Corll at Brooks' invitation, but that he earned money at laboring jobs to help support his mother and brothers. "David lived most of his life off Dean," Henley said. "But I worked." He said this with some pride. Then he gave a word of advice to his interviewers and suggested they pass it along to their readers. "You've got to warn these kids against hitchhiking," he said. "That's how we picked up most of them."

The officers at the scene of the digging surmised after a cursory examination of the two bodies that the victims had been strangled. They could find no bullet holes in their skulls. They had been buried about three feet under the beach, 20 feet from the water's edge, at the base of sandy knolls covered with dense underbrush.

It was 4:30 p.m. when officers called a halt to the digging. It had been a hectic day. The crowd had been unruly at times. It would take better planning if the four bodies both Brooks and Henley said were left on the beach were to be found. If the sun were to bear down as strongly over the weekend as it had that Friday, crowds would swarm the beach Saturday and Sunday. They would be swelled by thousands of curious sight-seers. The decision was made to postpone further digging until Monday. The newsmen, the officers, their prisoners, their trustees, the curious, the cars, the helicopters — they all dispersed within half an hour. The vibrating staccato from the hovering helicopters faded away to be replaced by the gentle chuckling of the aging pumps patiently sucking petroleum to the surface of the High Island oilfield across the road to the north, and the lowing of cattle grazing beside them in the ocean of grass flowing away off to the horizon. Fishing bid fair to be good at nearby Rollover Pass into East Bay that weekend; the croakers, flounders and trout had been plentiful and the bridge over the pass was a great place to catch them. Soon night driftwood fires would flicker along the beach and picnickers and vacationists would enjoy the black solitude of the lonely stretch of sand. Later, night showers would cool the air, the fires would go out, the laughter and music would die. In Anahuac, a deputy sheriff remembered he had left a set of rubber gloves by the big rock. He hoped they would remain there until the search was resumed Monday morning.

By now, 23 bodies had been recovered — 17 in the

boat stall, four at the lake and two on the beach.

In High Island itself, George Leger was remembering Wayne Henley. He was remembering an incident that, possibly, could have made him the only witness to one of the beach burials. Leger had been driving along the beach road back around, or shortly after, Christmas of 1972 when he saw a youth walking along the beach, just off the road and along the top of the sand dunes. Four or five hours later, returning from his trip, Leger had noticed the boy leaning against a post beside the road. Though he could see no car, Leger had suspected one was stuck somewhere along the beach and had stopped to find out and offer any help he could.

The boy had led Leger toward the beach along a drainage cut and to a car some 200 yards down the beach. It's wheels had been spun until the chassis sat on the sand. When Leger had said he was afraid he couldn't help out much, the boy had informed him that his two friends had gone down the beach toward High Island to get a wrecker to pull the car free. The two had walked back to the road and Leger drove on toward High Island, leaving the youth alone by the roadside in the dusk.

He had stared at Henley during the hot afternoon on the beach as reporters had questioned the youth. And he had listened while Constable Joe Faggard of High Island questioned Henley as to the location of another body the youth had mentioned. "But he was buried farther up the beach than here," Henley had said. "I remember I let Dean out with the body at one of these cuts (which allow high tide waters to drain back into the Gulf), and he told me to drive toward High Island, very slowly, and then back — to give him 45 minutes to get his burying job done." Henley didn't think the body was buried too far away from the first two, but he couldn't remember near which beach cut he had let Corll out of the car.

Now, remembering all this, Leger drove to the spot

where he'd seen the boy and the car. He circled about the spot until he found a slight depression in the sand. Then he drove back to High Island.

He told his story to Bucky Faggard, nephew of Constable Joe Faggard. The two drove to the depression. They searched around the beach until they found two long sticks. They began sinking the sticks into the sand around the depression.

The first time Bucky Faggard leaned on his stick, it went down into the sand about 40 inches. The same thing happened on his second try. But the third time, the stick went into the sand only six to eight inches and stopped. Faggard told Leger, "Hell, this may be it!" He pulled out the stick and smelled the end. It had a terrible odor. It was the same stench he had smelled on the beach where the two bodies were dug up.

Bucky Faggard and Leger returned to High Island and told Constable Faggard of their find. Constable Faggard realized it was much too dark to locate another body, and that such a search on Saturday or Sunday would draw the crowds of sensation seekers the lawmen had sought to avoid by deciding to postpone their search until Monday. He decided to inform his fellow authorities, and wait until Monday.

The body would be the first to be recovered Monday, the only one in Jefferson County.

The body hunting on the beach had proceeded smoothly enough despite the crowds, but back in Houston the Homicide Department had committed an error of major proportions.

For some unexplained reason — perhaps under pressure from the news media — the department had released a list of names of boys *believed* to have been slain. This action was taken without first notifying the parents — and without identifications to support the belief.

Parents of five boys — Marty Ray Jones, Charles Cary Cobble, Billy Lawrence, David Hilligiest and Malley Winkle — already had learned by the first and second days that their sons likely were among the victims. They had not been informed in gentle fashions, but publication of the list of 18 names, and its announcement on radio and television, was brutally stunning.

This is the list:

1970

- James Eugene Glass, 14, son of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Glass of 1706 Wycliffe. (Glass disappeared December 13, 1970. His strangled body was found in the boat shed.)

1971

- Donald Edward Waldrop, 15, son of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Waldrop of 904½ Tulane in *the Heights*. (He disappeared January 30, 1971. He had been strangled and buried in the boat shed.)
- Jerry Lynn Waldrop, 13, Donald's brother who disappeared with him January 30, 1971. (He met the same fate as his brother — strangulation and burial in the boat shed. The father, a construction worker, now lives in Atlanta, Georgia. *A Heights* victim.)
- David Hilligiest, 13, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hilligiest of 403 W. 27th Street in *the Heights*. (He had been strangled; his body was recovered from the boat shed. He disappeared on May 30, 1971.)
- George Malley Winkle, 16, son of Mrs. Selma Winkle of 407 W. 26th Street in *the Heights*. (He disappeared with young Hilligiest, and met the same fate.)
- Ruben Haney Watson, 19, son of Mrs. Eugene

Haney Watson of the 1100 block of Arlington in *the Heights*. (He had been missing since August 17, 1971. Strangled and buried in the boat shed.)

1972

- Frank Anthony Aguirre, 19, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Aguirre of 932 West Cottage in *the Heights*. (Young Aguirre disappeared February 24, 1972. His strangled body was recovered from the High Island beach.)

- Johnny Delome, 16, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Oncale of 1447 Tulane in *the Heights*. (The boy disappeared in May of 1972. He had been shot and strangled and buried at High Island.)

- Billy Gene Baulch Jr., 17, son of Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Baulch (address withheld) of *the Heights*. (Strangled, young Baulch had been buried at High Island. He disappeared May 21, 1972.)

- Wally Jay Simineaux, 14, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace J. Simineaux of 1213 W. 24th in *the Heights*. (Wally disappeared the night of October 3, 1972.)

- Richard C. Hembree, 13, the adopted son of Mr. and Mrs. William Green of 1426 W. 21st in *the Heights*. (He had disappeared with young Simineaux. Both boys had been strangled, then buried in the boat shed.)

- Michael Anthony Baulch, 15, who disappeared in early November, 1972, from *the Heights*. (His brother was Billy Gene Baulch, who had disappeared more than six months before. Michael was shot twice in the head and buried in the boat shed.)

- Mark S. Scott, 18, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Scott of 927 W. 25th Street in *the Heights*. (His body has yet

to be identified or, for all police know, even recovered. He disappeared in early 1972 and Brooks said Corll killed him.)

1973

- William Ray Lawrence, 15, son of Horace J. Lawrence of 310 W. 31st Street in *the Heights*. (He was last heard from June 11, 1973. His strangled body was found at Lake Sam Rayburn.)

- Homer L. Garcia, 15, son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Garcia of 5474 Darnell. (The boy dropped from sight July 7, 1973. He had been shot twice in the head, once in the chest, and buried at Lake Sam Rayburn.)

- Charles Cary Cobble, 17, son of Mr. and Mrs. V. T. Cobble of 304 W. 27th Street in *the Heights*. (He had been strangled and buried in the boat shed. Cobble disappeared July 25, 1973 with the youth with whom he shared an apartment down the hall from his parents.

- Marty Ray Jones, 18, (Cobble's friend), son of Kenneth R. Jones of 1010 Woodland in *the Heights*. (Jones was shot twice in the head and buried in the boat shed with a plastic bag over his head.)

- James Stanton Dreymala, 13, son of Mr. and Mrs. James D. Dreymala of 5411 Laurel Creek in South Houston. (He was the "little blond boy" mentioned by Brooks in his statement; he disappeared the evening of August 3, 1973, six days before Dean Corll was shot to death by Wayne Henley. Young Dreymala was strangled and buried in the boat shed.)

(Later, police added four more names to the list. They were:

- Jeffrey Alan Konen, 18, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry

J. Konen of 3118 Underwood. (He disappeared September 25, 1970. His body was found on the beach. He had been strangled.)

- Michael Danny Yates, 15, son of Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Yates of 10951 Hazlehurst. (He had disappeared with James Eugene Glass and, like Glass, had been strangled and buried in the boat shed.)

- Raymond Stanley Blackburn, 20, son of the Reverend Robert B. Blackburn of Baton Rouge, Louisiana. He had been living in *the Heights* in a trailer park at 1504 West 34th Street. (He was strangled and buried at the lake.)

- William Karmon Branch, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Branch of 5202 Nina Lee. (Young Branch disappeared in 1972, but apparently he was placed on the list because he lived near the Heights and vanished for no apparent reason. However, many other missing boys lived in or near the Heights and left no obvious reasons for their disappearances.)

To Texans, and all Americans, the mounting toll of bodies, the savage nature of the slayings and the youthfulness of the victims was profoundly shocking.

The world knew Friday night that 23 bodies had been found and that more were certain to be located. Charles Whitman had shot and killed 16 persons at the University of Texas. The "Boston Strangler" had killed 13 women. Herbert W. Mullin had been accused of slaying 10 in California. And while Juan Corona had been accused of killing 25 persons in California, those involved in the Houston-area investigation had made it clear that they expected to find more bodies when the search was resumed. Thus it was expected to be the largest mass murder in the country's modern history.

But the blow hit hardest in the Heights section of Houston. Fifteen of the 18 names on the first list belonged to Heights boys. Two more were added shortly. Some of the other victims lived near the Heights. Henley, Brooks and Corll were or had been Heights residents. At least 50 Heights youngsters were missing, and for parents who long had clung to the adage that "no news is good news" the implication that their son's names might appear on a future list was crushing. The neighborhood, as one newsman wrote it, was in "the iron grip of fear."

The Heights is approximately two miles wide and three miles deep on Houston's northwest side. It is bounded on the north by West 34th Street, on the south by Washington Avenue, on the east by Studewood Street and on the west by Ella Boulevard.

Half a century ago it had a different name — Heights Independent Community. In the early 1900s the little city on the hills was a place of grand mansions and broad estates. Heights Boulevard was the Park Avenue of Texas. It had its own street car line, and on bright and sunny Sundays "half of Houston" would take along a picnic basket and ride the Heights street cars just to look at the magnificent homes.

A brash young politician named Oscar Holcombe destroyed the Heights as far as old timers there are concerned. He was elected mayor of Houston and then annexed the Heights after a bitter political battle that left scars evident today. He took the Heights away from its people. Many have never forgiven him. Houston went on to become the Queen City of the South. The Heights went into a gradual decline.

Today it is an enclave of modest homes, most of them neatly kept but some in need of fresh paint. Industry has made some inroads and huge apartment complexes have mushroomed. The area has the largest con-

centration of churches in Houston — and a high crime rate. Oddly, it runs far behind other sections of the city in narcotics-connected crimes.

The Heights is served principally by Alamo and Helms Elementary schools, Hamilton Junior High School and Reagan High School. Most of the murdered boys attended these schools. So did Henley and Brooks. No wonder the area was in "the iron grip of fear."

And there was little rest for the parents and kin of the victims. Reporters from around the world wanted to question them. Well-meaning neighbors and friends called incessantly. Some parents were called by reporters who believed police had already officially notified the families. In one instance a reporter called a home for a picture of a missing boy and the mother asked, "What do you want it for?" When the reporter explained, there was a long silence, then a muffled cry.

Some, like Mrs. Walter Scott, spurned the newspapers and turned off all radios and television sets in her house after hearing only once that Mark Scott, her son, was among the slain.

Young Mark had left home for a weekend in Mexico after an arrest for carrying a prohibited knife. He had changed his mind, a not unusual decision for teen-agers disturbed by the realities of life and their inability to cope with them. Shortly after his departure, his mother had received a postcard from Austin, Texas. On it he had written, "How are you doing? I am in Austin for couple of days. I found a good job. I am making \$3 an hour. I'll be home when I get enough money to pay my lawyer." Mark never made it back home.

Mrs. Scott remembered Wayne Henley and David Brooks. Henley had been a guest of Mark's at a junior high school party. He was the first boy to arrive and the last to leave, and he was quite talkative, she recalled. And Mark had invited Brooks to spend the night once

and Brooks had accidentally shot Mark in the leg with Mark's BB gun.

Mark was the only boy Brooks and Henley delivered to Corll who displayed enough spirit for Brooks to remember clearly how he died. "Mark had a knife and he tried to get at Dean," Brooks said in his statement. "He swung at him (Corll) with a knife and caught Dean's shirt and barely broke the skin. He still had one hand tied and Dean grabbed the hand with the knife . . . Wayne ran out of the room and got a pistol and Mark just gave up. Wayne killed Mark and I think he strangled him." Mrs. Scott was not to learn of her son's desperate and defiant act until Saturday morning.

Dorothy Hilligiest was distraught, too, that Friday. She complained to police about the manner in which she learned of David Hilligiest's fate. Yet in her compassion, she stood before a television camera and asked God for understanding for the parents of Henley and Brooks since "their's will be a great a burden to bear."

She told reporters, "We haven't had a chance to identify our son, mourn his death, give him a proper funeral or anything." (He would not be identified until September 9, and by then was occupying another grave in Atlanta, Georgia, and under a different boy's name.)

Inclusion of one name in that Friday listing of possible victims brought a near-tragic result. Saturday morning, an angry George Oncale strode into Houston Homicide. He carried a picture in one hand. The other was clenched into a fist. Oncale confronted Detective Karl Siebeneicher, handed him the photograph of Johnny Delome, his step-son, and shouted, "It's a damn shame that my wife has to learn that her son is a murder victim by reading it in the morning newspaper." The name had been carried in two locations in *The Post* — in the list of possible victims and in David Brooks' second statement, printed in full.

Oncale said his wife had been reading the newspaper when she suddenly shrieked and fell back in her chair. Oncale jumped up and ran to her side and she pointed at a paragraph in Brooks' statement. There was a Billy Baulch mentioned and a boy named Johnny "Malone."

Brooks also had explained how the boy died — shot twice and then strangled by Corll and Henley. Mrs. Oncale knew then it was her son despite the misspelling of his last name. Johnny had been missing from the Heights for more than a year. Oncale summoned the family doctor because his wife had a history of heart trouble. It had "almost killed her" to see Johnny's name in the newspaper without prior knowledge of the circumstances, Oncale told Siebeneicher. "It would have been a hell of a lot different, at least, to have been told about Johnny by the police first."

And Selma Winkle? She bent under the news that her son might possibly be a murder victim. Then she gathered her courage. Was her missing son truly dead? Were his remains really there in the county morgue among bodies of the other tortured victims? Her mind burned with the thought that Malley Winkle might remain unidentified. The widow took a picture of her son to Dr. Jachimczyk. The portrait was compared with X-rays of one of the victim's mouth, teeth, chin and jawbone. "They matched," she told her friends. "My son had had no dental work. His teeth were perfect, but he had two eye-teeth that protruded."

All through the Heights neighborhood parents set boundaries for outdoor playing and made sure their youngsters played in groups of boys and girls they knew. Teen-agers faced evening deadlines. Mothers accompanied their children on errands, obsessed by a gnawing fear that other members of the sex-dope-torture murder ring were at large in the Heights.

Mrs. Lillian Goff of 109 Mumford, the mother of

four young children, voiced a thought shared by hundreds of other Heights' parents. She said, "We have always worried about our little girls, we mothers, and suddenly we learn that it was our little boys we should have been cautioning all the while."

Ron Sourdellia operated the Third Eye Spirit Shop in a huge, old red brick house at 1811 Heights Boulevard, just one block south of Hamilton Junior High School. A literate and intelligent man, Sourdellia knew and had known literally hundreds of students. He had been their confidante; he knew what was on their minds and how they reacted to their own world and the adult world around them. He knew Henley and Brooks and many of the victims.

To Sourdellia, the climate in the Heights became one of "general paranoia." By Friday night there were so many patrol cars cruising by his shop "it looked like some hijackers had knocked off a half dozen Seven-Elevens all at once." The cops were uptight, Sourdellia could see. The adults were uptight. The kids were uptight. Sourdellia was accustomed to watching people stroll the boulevard or bicycle it at night. On Friday night this ceased. "Everybody," Sourdellia exclaimed, "is freaked out over this . . ."

Sourdellia had been Rhonda Williams' employer — and her friend. "Henley came in and talked with her, for hours at a time," he said. "She was a mature young girl but she told me that she had been afraid of men ever since a man had tried to attack her when she was a child. She had a strict father, and his ground rules included her being home by nine o'clock at night. Lots of times she would just sit and talk to me. It was obvious she was a lonely child and needed someone to listen to her. She wasn't knocked out on sex but she did seem to try hard to make friends.

"Rhonda and the Henley boy were good friends and in a good way, for they really liked each other. Sometimes the two would sit on the davenport and neck, but I never noticed them going beyond that while she worked for me. (Sourdellia apparently did not know of Rhonda's plans to run away from home in early September and join Henley and Dean Corll in a drive to Colorado to visit Corll's mother, and then "just drive around the country for awhile.")

"About ten days before this story broke we were sitting around and rapping — Wayne and Rhonda and me — and Rhonda said, 'Ron, you ought to go out to Pasadena some time. They have some pretty wild parties out there.' I told her I would check with my wife, and Rhonda said, 'Well, usually there are no women there.' I said, 'What's a party without girls?' The subject was dropped. She probably thought I was pretty square.

Sourdellia said Henley was "no stupe. He was a pretty intelligent boy, and he liked to rap with me about metaphysics. One day I told him about a book called 'You-Forever' by T. Lobsang Rampa, a Tibetan monk. Wayne got the book and read it, and shortly before the story broke we got into a rap on Aura reading. He could talk quite intelligently about this. We really had a teacher-student relationship. Wayne was bored those last few months. He seemed to be looking elsewhere, was starting to extend himself." This comment fits with Henley's academic record in the seventh grade at Hamilton Junior High. That year he was an excellent student, achieving four As and two Bs. And standard testing procedures revealed his IQ ranged between 110 and 120, indicating college level work ability. However, he turned in failing performances during his eighth and ninth grades, and he dropped out of school during his ninth grade. Henley was 14 at that time. He was just getting to know Dean Corll, and this must have had some effect on

his studies. And he also was working after school to help support his mother and three brothers.

"That's how he got hooked with Corll," one detective concluded. "He finally took up Corll's offer of money for young boys, then he got all geared up and began to take part in the actual torture and killing."

Sourdellia felt that the Heights residents were particularly shocked because the list showed that the kidnappings and killings had been going on since 1970 without anyone — parent or policeman — getting a hint of a pattern. And the list showed that Corll's appetite increased each year.

From what the residents read and heard, it was obvious that the taking of the Heights boys had been systematic. The victims had been scouted, measured by standards set by Corll, then lured to their doom . . . right under the very noses of their parents and friends. Apparently not one youngster had remarked to another, "Say, did you ever notice how many of Wayne and David's friends seem to turn up missing?"

The Weekend

With the search for bodies suspended for the weekend, Houstonians had time to voice questions which were crying for answers. How had Corll-Henley-Brooks gotten away with their activities for so long? How had such a large number of youngsters been subtracted from such a small neighborhood without parents becoming suspicious of foul play? And, more important, just what the hell had the police been doing while all this was going on?

For one thing, Corll kept on the move. For another, he had a perfect "front" — his reputation as the cheerful, friendly, dimpled "candy man" whose affection for young boys appeared to have sprung from a kind and generous heart. And Heights adults were accustomed to Henley and Brooks; they had seen them in the area for years and their children had played with them during that time. If anyone should have grown suspicious, it should have been young friends of Henley and Brooks. Yet not a one of them has been recorded as having suspected them of murder.

And Corll's immediate neighbors paid little or no attention to him at his various addresses. He was never reported to police as a peace disturber. No one ever suggested to authorities that he might be luring young boys into his apartment for immoral purposes. No one

apparently heard pistol shots in his apartments or the cries of the tortured. He taped the mouths of his victims, to be sure, and most of them were dazed with dope, but it seemed incredible to Houstonians that some boy, some time, had not created enough racket to have attracted attention.

Corll at one time had lived at 1156 West 22nd Street in the Heights. There is no evidence he committed any murders there. It is important only because no one in the immediate area recalls him having lived at the address.

The first address listed as a "murder place" was the Yorktown Apartments at 3300 Yorktown in the Westheimer-Chimney Rock Road area. Brooks said Corll killed two boys there, but the manager angrily denied that Corll had lived there and accused the press of "printing lies given by murderers."

Brooks said that Corll had two addresses on Columbia Street in the Heights. One was at 915 Columbia. Police believe the other was at 425 East 9th Street, an apartment house with one side facing Columbia. Two boys were murdered in one place or the other, and it was at one of the apartments that Brooks introduced Henley to Corll. Corll is remembered at the 425 East 9th Street address, but only vaguely.

Corll, in early 1971, lived in the Place One Apartments at 3200 Mangum Road, just west of the Heights. The Waldrop brothers were murdered there. David Hilligist and Malley Winkle likely were slain there. Brooks said Ruben Haney Watson was killed there. But the apartment house manager said Corll had never lived there.

At "the house on Schuler Street at Washington Avenue" Brooks described in his statement, two boys and possibly three were slain. It was at this place that Henley shot Johnny Delome, but no one apparently

heard the gunfire. It was at this place, according to Brooks, that Mark Scott fought back with a knife. It is reasonable to assume that the struggle created some noise, and it is reasonable, also, to assume that Scott made an outcry for his mouth was not yet taped. But no one apparently heard a thing.

Brooks said two boys were killed at the Westcott Towers Apartments at 904 Westcott. No tenants apparently were disturbed. During this time, Corll and Brooks also rented an "annex" for their activities at 6363 San Felipe Road. They used the facility only six weeks, the manager said, and never paid any rent. That's all he knew about them.

However, both men were remembered by the manager at the Westcott Towers. The manager said she first saw Brooks when he and two other boys came to her office. Corll was a good tenant, she said. The three boys were shaggy and unkempt. She called Corll at work because she was reluctant to let them in his apartment. Corll told her Brooks was his roommate, that he had lost his key, that she should let the trio in the apartment. She never saw Brooks again; had not Brooks lost his key, she may have never seen him. Evidently Brooks and Henley had access to Corll's various apartments at any time and, evidently, had his victims ready for him on occasion when he returned from work.

Also at the Westcott Towers, a maintenance man one day found four bullet holes in the door to Corll's apartment. He replaced it without question. Later, after Corll and Brooks had moved out, a steel plate was found positioned against the inside of the door. Neither the bullet holes nor the steel plate aroused enough curiosity for police to be notified.

At the Princessa Apartments, 1855 Wirt Road, the manager described Corll as "a good tenant, as good as we have ever had." It was here that Corll obtained at least

one boy by himself, according to Brooks. Brooks said he tried to save this boy by making him angry enough to leave the apartment. Corll saw through the scheme and "grabbed the boy," Brooks said. Again, no one apparently heard an outcry. (This incident occurred in 1973, and Brooks apparently was easing off in his relationship with Corll. He had discovered girls. He was courting Bridget Clark, whom he married. The couple took a small apartment at 1445 Pech Road, less than a mile from the Princessa Apartments. Bridget became pregnant. Even so, Brooks continued to visit Corll.)

The house at 2020 Lamar Drive in Pasadena was owned by Corll's father. The elder Corll had moved into a new home, and he offered the house to his son. Corll was having financial troubles.

In this house, six boys were killed, possibly seven. By this time Corll was being particularly savage, according to Brooks and Henley. From his work base at the power complex, Corll could obtain extremely thin glass rods. He enjoyed inserting these rods in his victims' penes, then snapping them off. He also pulled out his victims' pubic hair with his strong fingers or a pair of pliers. He would grease the huge dildo, insert it in a victim's anus, then manipulate it vigorously before committing sodomy on the youth. And, at times, the victims' sexual organs were cut off.

At least six boys were killed in the house. But police may have never known it had not Henley killed Corll. Most of the boys suffered as Tim Kerley suffered when Corll taped his mouth, stripped him and handcuffed him to the "torture board" beside Rhonda Williams.

Henley had "lined up" Tim Kerley for Corll. Kerley had met Corll only briefly before that night. He had become acquainted with Henley through mutual friends, and Henley had introduced him to Corll. Tim told his

mother that Corll seemed to lose his mind in anger when Henley and Kerley returned to the house with Rhonda Williams. That was all he told her, the mother said.

The mother said she met Corll just once. "He was very nice," she said. "You wouldn't have thought he was capable of all of this."

Corll's immediate neighbor at 2028 Lamar Drive said he was asleep during the morning of August 8. He heard nothing even though Henley emptied his pistol into Corll's body. Corll worked on his white van in the driveway to his house almost daily. He usually had the side doors of the van open "as if he were loading or unloading" something. And, the neighbor said, Corll's garage doors were usually open. The neighbor said David Brooks visited Corll's home only twice, as far as he could recall. He identified Brooks from a newspaper photograph.

Another neighbor, two doors away, said, "People in their houses really can't hear anything going on in another house." The wife of a Pasadena policeman who lived directly across the street from Corll's home said, "We didn't hear gunshots or anything else coming from his home at any time." And, she added, other neighbors had never come to her home with stories of suspicious happenings at 2020 Lamar Drive. She said her husband was asleep when Corll was killed and heard nothing.

Another neighbor said he sometimes had helped Corll repair his van, and that Corll would visit him and discuss electronics. Another neighbor said Corll was a "real good neighbor and a real good guy who kept his hair and his lawn mowed all the time. He could be pretty witty and funny."

If Corll was a "nice guy," Henley and Brooks were not considered particularly bad boys in the Heights. They formed an interesting trio — the introspective

Brooks, the brash, money-hungry Henley and the smiling, helpful man with the deep concern for youngsters.

Police believe Corll intended to debauch and kill Henley when Brooks first brought Henley to him. He had trained Brooks, but he saw in Henley a youth who would need no training. Henley was gregarious. He had hundreds of friends among the Heights teen-agers. He needed and wanted money and was willing to do almost anything to get it. He would make an ideal procurer. In time, he would obey every Corll command.

Corll's world didn't begin to fragment until his two accomplices showed signs of defection: Brooks met and married Bridget Clark and Henley became enamored of Rhonda Williams. Until then, the system worked with shocking success.

Irony piled upon irony as the case unfolded. Because Billy Gene Baulch, for example, had sold candy for Corll, and because Corll's white van was so well known in the Heights, the boy's parents called Corll for help when Billy disappeared. Corll calmly told them he hadn't seen Billy but would call them if he saw him. By then, Billy was dead by Corll's hand.

It will be recalled that Henley went so far as to distribute posters bearing information about David Hilligist's disappearance, and even attempted to solace the boy's mother, when he knew the lad had been murdered.

Frank Aguirre was a long-time friend of Henley's. He vanished on February 2, 1972. For several months before his disappearance, Aguirre had been courting Rhonda Williams. His mother said young Aguirre and Rhonda wanted to get married but she told them they were immature, that her son should finish school and get a job before they thought seriously of marriage. After Aguirre disappeared, Rhonda became Henley's girlfriend. Rhonda never knew that Aguirre had been slain in one of Corll's torture rooms.

Not ironical but strange were the telephone calls. Both the Cobble and Jones boys called their parents on the night they disappeared and said they were in trouble and needed money — but they never called back to explain as they said they would. Wally Simineaux phoned his mother after he had been seen in the ubiquitous white van and spoke just one word — “Mama. . .” “Where are you?” the mother asked. She heard background noises, then the phone went dead. David Hilligiest called his mother the night he disappeared and, like young Simineaux, hung up immediately. Other youngsters called their parents and some asked for as much as \$1,000 to get them out of “trouble.” They were not heard from again. Neither Henley nor Brooks have shed any light on this angle of the case.

Police, who had done a quick and thorough job on the murder cases, found themselves under bitter attack on the weekend. Houston police normally enjoyed a warm respect from the community, chiefly because the police chief, Hermann Short, gave short shrift to the aspirations of the more militant of the city's minority groups.

But on this weekend in August even the department's warmest admirers found themselves in the ranks of the critics. Citizens simply could not understand how so many boys from such a small area could disappear without arousing police suspicion. This general feeling gave courage to parents of missing children who felt they had been mistreated by police or that police had been less than cooperative when department help was sought.

The first complaint to break into print came from the father of the two Waldrop boys who had disappeared more than two years earlier. Waldrop was in Atlanta. He learned of the mass murders from an Atlanta newspaper. His blast at Houston police traveled across the country

via the wire services and radio and television.

Waldrop said he went to police headquarters the very next morning after his boys failed to return home. “I camped on that police station doorstep for eight months,” he said. “I was there about as much as the chief was. But all they would say to me was, ‘Why are you down here? You know your boys are runaways!’ They treated me like I was some kind of an idiot!” He said he had worn out three autos and spent thousands of dollars looking for his sons.

“I was told by police that they would pick up my boy if they saw him,” one mother said.

“They told me that if they saw my son on the streets they would stop him and ask him why he wasn't in school,” said another.

“They told us not to worry, that our boy would return home soon,” another said.

“Someone came to our house after we called in, but nothing more was done,” said a father.

And so it went.

Chief Short bridled under this attack. He announced that on the following Monday he would hold a press conference “to discuss certain facets of the Corll murder case, particularly as they relate to the policies of the Houston police department in the handling of runaway juvenile investigations and missing persons reports. . .”

While the chief was willing to wait until Monday to hold his press conference, it fell to Captain Robert Horton, director of the Juvenile Division, to provide the weekend counter-attack.

He came up with some impressive statistics. His division, he said, had handled more than 10,000 cases of missing juveniles during 1971 and 1972. Of the 5,228 cases handled in 1972, the division had only 402 “unclosed” cases. The 402, he explained, “are youngsters who dropped out of sight — or who have returned home

without anyone reporting it to us."

He then outlined how his division operated. All information about a missing juvenile is recorded and forwarded to the police dispatcher for broadcast to officers in the field. Then the case is assigned to a juvenile division officer for follow-up. This includes telephone calls to and personal interviews with the family of the missing youngster. The officer works on the case for 30 days. If the youngster is not located or if no additional information is obtained, the case is put in a "wanted" file and checked periodically.

"Frequently the search is hampered because those who made the original report have moved, or their telephone number has been changed," Horton said. "We try to keep on top of the case load by mailing out follow-up letters, and these amount to several thousand annually. The letters remind the complainant that the division is still holding their 'missing person' report and asks that the recipient check one of two items — 'located' or 'still missing' — and return the form to us. We get fifty percent of these letters back marked 'No Forwarding Address.'"

Horton said bluntly that some parents don't want their children returned. "There are times when a parent or guardian refuses to take back a youngster. But if we find a child and the parents don't want it, or we can't locate the parents, we turn the child over to the Harris County Probation Department. Under no circumstances do we turn one loose."

Horton pointed out that his division was able to quickly aid the Homicide Division because of the excellence of his files and the ability of his staff. Indeed, his division was so successful in winnowing out cases it felt would fit into the mass murder picture that the majority of the victims were named before they were identified at the morgue.

And Dean Corll. He had been a shadowy figure on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday when his murder and the search for bodies became public knowledge. On the weekend he began coming into focus.

Dean Arnold Corll was born in Fort Wayne, Indiana on Christmas Eve of 1939, the son of Arnold and Mary Corll, both 23. The Corlls were divorced in 1945 — when Dean was six — and Arnold Corll was drafted and stationed at an Air Force base near Memphis. The marriage had been a stormy one, but Mary Corll did not berate her former mate. The divorce, she said, was the result of "differences in temperament." And their ideas on child-rearing clashed. For example, Arnold Corll thought Dean had committed a wrong when he climbed into the toilet, clothes and all, to splash happily about. Mrs. Corll thought Dean was being "cute," that his act was an "achievement."

After Arnold Corll got settled at the Air Force base, his ex-wife sold the Corll home, bought a trailer and moved to Memphis. She had hopes of re-uniting with Corll. Instead, the "fussing and fighting" resumed. So Mrs. Corll got a job. She put Dean and his younger brother Stanley in a government day-care project. Shortly, the project folded, and Mrs. Corll advertised for a couple interested in child care. An elderly cotton farmer and his wife were interested. Mrs. Corll moved her trailer to the farm, parked it beneath some pecan trees, and retained her job.

Dean got his schooling, riding the school bus to class while young Stanley played about the cotton farm. And the Corlls decided to try wedlock again. They made plans to move either to Florida or Texas, where they had relatives. They figured that with little capital except severance pay, they might need financial support before they got their feet on the ground. They chose Houston, arriving in 1950.

At first they lived in their trailer, in a park on Wayside near Telephone Road. Then they bought a house in Pecan Park.

And then they divorced again. Mrs. Corll again defended her husband as a "good, moral man — it was a personality clash."

Mrs. Corll moved with her two sons to a two-bedroom apartment and shared bath on Christensen Street in the shadows of the growing central business district. She enrolled Dean and Stanley in nearby Ripley House. It was while Dean was at Ripley House that cardiologists discovered he suffered from a heart murmur, decided it was a congenital defect, and suggested that he rest and refrain from any athletic competition. Dean took up music.

Shortly thereafter, the Corll family moved back to Pecan Park, settling in a house on Keller Street next to a wooded, swampy area. Dean and Stanley often led neighborhood boys into the woods with their pellet guns on snake-hunting expeditions. Dean was always the accepted leader.

In 1953 Mrs. Corll met and married a salesman named West and moved with her boys to Vidor, a small community on the northern outskirts of Beaumont. Dean was 14 and entered Vidor high school as a freshman. And the West's daughter, Joyce, was born in Vidor.

Barred from athletics by his congenital heart ailment, Dean joined the high school band as a trombone player. He was considered a good musician by band mates, but the band director could not immediately recall him because, he said, young Corll was neither an outstanding musician nor a disciplinary problem. His best friend in high school said, "Dean liked the girls as much as the rest of us, and when we went to the drive-in movies we spent most of our time trying to make out with our dates."

Dean was considered an ordinary scholar by his teachers. He got to class on time, was quiet, neatly dressed, and obeyed the rules. He failed English his senior year, which postponed his graduation until the end of summer school in 1958.

For diversion he raised pigeons and rabbits and trapped flying squirrels. And, he had a car and spending money. This was because his mother went into the pecan shelling business in her garage and Dean worked at gathering pecans in the Neches River bottoms. Soon Mrs. West was making pecan candies and Dean was her delivery boy to the merchants who bought her wares.

Dean's mother realized he was carrying an extra-heavy load — attending classes, playing in the band, and delivering her candy. "He ran back and forth delivering candy and he did everything we asked him to do," she said.

This was the central, recurring theme in all descriptions of Dean Corll through the years — he did what he was told to do, everything he was asked to do and he was always polite. He was kind to dumb animals and young people. He was very understanding and very affectionate, especially with children. He never questioned his mother.

Dean remained active in the family candy business after his graduation from high school until early 1960. Then he returned to Indiana to be with Mrs. West's recently widowed mother and the Wests prepared to move to Houston to be closer to business contacts.

In Indiana young Corll got a job, took care of his grandmother and sent money home, too. His inquisitive mind and puckish sense of humor was evident at his grandmother's house. One day he bought a 600-power telescope, set it up in the backyard and focused it on a farm half a mile away. His grandmother was impressed when she peered through the lens, and was startled at

the closeness of the farmer working by his barn. She turned to Dean and shushed his talk, afraid the farmer would hear. Dean told the story many times with amusement.

Dean rejoined the family in Houston in 1962. Mrs. West had set up a candy factory of sorts at 721 East 6½ Street, cooking in the kitchen and selling her products in the lower garage area she had converted into her candy store. Dean took up residence in the apartment above. He was now 22 years old, the apartment was the first place of his own, and soon he had it filled with all kinds of gadgets. He amused his mother by buying sleep-learning tapes which he put in a tiny device under his pillow so he could learn Spanish while he slept. Dean didn't consider this a gadget.

Mrs. West was president of the company, Dean became vice-president, Stanley the secretary-treasurer and Joyce a helper. But prosperity was still around the corner for the Corll Candy Company, and in 1963 Dean got a job with the Houston Lighting & Power Company. He would make candy at nights to help keep the little enterprise going.

But he was a single man, and the draft took him. On August 10, 1964, he was inducted into the army, sent to Fort Polk, Louisiana for basic training, and then to Fort Benning, Georgia to the radio repair school. He was assigned to Fort Hood in Texas in the communications maintenance section. But he was needed at home to keep the candy factory alive. He applied for a hardship discharge and was released from the army on July 11, 1965. He returned to Houston to find that his mother's marriage was dissolving. She and West disagreed on both business and marital matters.

The candy company was reorganized. It was located in a building at 505 West 22nd Street, directly across the street from Helms Elementary School in the Heights.

Mrs. West took an apartment with Stanley and Joyce at 1845 Airport Boulevard on the southeast side of Houston. Dean rented an apartment at 444 West 21st Street, just a block away from the business. He also became general manager.

It was in a back room of the candy factory that Dean Corll invited children in for free candy. He installed a pool table in the back room and taught the youngsters to play pool. He amused them with a huge green frog he had rigged up. It's eyes would light up when the telephone rang. By pushing a button, Corll could talk with the caller while playing pool.

Investigators were to say that Corll undoubtedly made more than overtures towards the hundreds of youngsters during this period, teaching many the simple act of oral sodomy. Most of them did not return for a second lesson — some from a sense of shame, others because they went off in search of more normal excitements.

Throughout these months and years, Dean had kept in touch with his father, who had remarried, owned a house at 2020 Lamar Drive in Pasadena, and worked as an electrician at Baylor College of Medicine. Dean visited his father quite often.

Dean's mother married again, to a merchant seaman, but this went badly and was dissolved by divorce in the spring of 1968. The seaman believed Dean Corll to be a homosexual and Dean's mother knew of his suspicions. He questioned Dean's entertainment of youngsters in the candy factory after hours. He said Dean's mother sometimes wished that her boy would become interested in girls. The mother was angered by these allegations. "What do you care whether he was a homosexual or not? What difference does that make? I don't know if he was or not, but homosexuality doesn't mean you're homicidal!" The seaman said, too, that "murdering

never entered my mind."

The candy factory dissolved along with the marriage, and so did the family that the mother had fought so desperately for so long to hold together. She moved to Manitou Springs, Colorado, in the shadow of Pike's Peak, and soon built up a thriving candy-making business. Stanley obtained a job as a machinist in Bellaire, a Houston suburb. Dean decided to pursue his father's vocation as an electrician. He signed up for an electrical training course, then went back to work for the Houston Lighting and Power Company. At the time of his death he was an electrical relay tester at the company's big power complex on South Main Street at Hiram Clark Road, a short distance from the boatyard.

Corll was no longer hampered by the responsibility of managing the candy factory, of striving to help support his mother, brother and half-sister. He was free to turn his mind toward handling the compulsions which seized him with mounting frequency. He began paying Brooks, 14 years old at the time, \$5 to \$10 for sexual services rendered. The boy moved in with Corll and, under Corll's urging, began bringing young boys — presumably his friends of his school days — to their apartments.

Corll did not at first mistreat his young guests to any great degree, authorities believe. Not enough to mark them in a manner that would bring suspicion. The opinion of several knowledgeable investigators is that "One day he went too far. Perhaps he sought to fulfill his desires in a manner so savage as to make him realize that questions would be raised by shocked parents. So he killed his first victim. After that, it became easier."

Corll explained his feelings about killings to members of his crew of electricians one day while they were sitting around and waiting for a driving rain storm to subside. The talk was about war and women. Corll had never opened his mouth about women during the five

years one of the group had worked with him at the power company. Someone said war was a "scary thing," moreso the killing of a man even if he was your enemy. Corll, listening quietly as usual, uttered one of the few serious comments he had been heard to make. "Once you kill one, the rest come easy," he said.

His companions knew Corll was an ex-serviceman, and could only assume he had killed during battle.

"Now I know where a lot of our nylon cord went," the fellow worker said. "I read in the newspapers that some of the boys were strangled with this cord. This is one-half inch nylon cord that we use to pull cable through tubing. The cord usually would get dirty and we would throw it away. Corll would take it with him. I think he got the plastic (rolls) from Baylor, where his daddy worked. We'd stop there occasionally and get some. But we didn't have any indication he was a nut. He was a good worker and a quiet guy."

Corll's tight "organization" for mass murder was completed when Brooks brought him a new victim in Wayne Henley. Corll didn't kill him, he used him, And with Brooks and Henley's help, Corll's bloody and homicidal career blossomed.

Homicide and district attorney's investigators have searched diligently throughout the Heights for clues that would lead them to earlier helpers of Corll's. Rumors were rife in the Heights that Corll had assistants prior to Brooks and Henley. But the investigators uncovered only more rumors.

The world was shocked at Corll's crimes. Yet — and it seems almost unbelievable — this man conducted a truly tender, loving, compassionate courtship of a young woman and mother during the very years he was stripping the Heights of its youth.

The woman's name was Betty. She had worked for

Mrs. West at the Heights candy factory during her teens and had known Dean Corll only casually as the manager and Mrs. West's son. By the time they began to date in 1968, she had been married, borne two sons, and divorced. Her relationship had progressed to a degree, she told a Los Angeles Times reporter, that she and Corll were to have been married in two weeks. She told other reporters that Dean planned to drive to Colorado in early September, and would send for her, but urged her not to tell David Brooks that he was leaving. This was no problem. She didn't like young Brooks for some reason she couldn't explain, but she added that the youth had always been polite and considerate of her.

Betty obviously loved Dean Corll. She discussed her problems with him and he would listen. Often he would take Betty and the two boys to one of his apartments and cook dinner for them. His empathy with children was well-demonstrated when the two boys called him "Daddy" — and Corll loved it. Both Betty and Dean liked movies, and would see them often. At times they would gather up a whole group of people — "my two sisters, my children, my brother and his friend, my niece."

Betty refused to discuss any physical relationship she may have had with Corll other than that they "hugged and kissed." She would not believe Corll committed the terrible deeds attributed to him by Brooks and Henley. She would not believe the stories of "torture boards" and gas masks and handcuffs. She had visited various of Corll's apartments many times, had ridden in his white van often, and Corll had let her children have the run of the house at 2020 Lamar Drive. Never once she said, had she stumbled across anything as strange as what she had read in the newspapers, even when she had dropped in on Corll unexpectedly. Dean had made a comment once that now puzzles her. "I've got to get away from the

boys!" he said. Could Henley and Brooks possibly have made him their scapegoat? She doesn't discount this thought.

The last time she saw him Dean had just leaned down and kissed her and told her he would call soon.

Corll's mother in Manitou Springs, Colorado, refused to believe her first-born had been involved in such a crime as she had heard described on radio and television, and in the Denver newspapers. She did have reasons to believe that all had not been going well with her son. He had called her four days before his death to confess he was "in trouble" and to suggest that suicide was one way out.

"I'm in trouble, Mother, and I may drop out of sight," he told her. "I could take an overdose."

She asked if he was on dope. He said he wasn't. When Dean told he was considering "starting over in another life," she scolded him, warning that he would have to carry his problems into his next life.

Mrs. West talked with Corll the next evening — Sunday, three days before his death — and his mood had changed to one of amiability. He told her he planned to drive to Colorado shortly after September 1, and would bring her a copper pot for her candy factory and a cut-off valve for her stove. And a truck, so he could help in the delivery of her candy products to surrounding cities and towns.

Not only did Mrs. West and Joyce expect Dean to come to Manitou Springs, they expected the arrival of Betty, and a marriage. They knew he had told Betty that he would send for her as soon as he got settled in Manitou Springs. But Corll did not tell them that Wayne Henley and Rhonda Williams had been invited to accompany him on his drive to Colorado.

Corll's father and step-mother, too, were experienc-

ing a growing concern over the words and actions of Dean Corll. Shortly before his death Dean told Mrs. Corll that he had some problems, and asked if her daughter would like to live in the house at 2020 Lamar Drive. Mrs. Corll knew her step-son's moods well. She suggested that he talk his problems over with her and her husband. That same night, Corll went to his father's house and repaired a balky television set. But he was silent on his problems, and this worried Mrs. Corll even though Dean assured her that all was well.

The next day, Mrs. Corll tried to locate Dean, calling first at work. Then she called his home. A strange voice answered the telephone. She demanded to know who was using Dean's telephone and where was Dean? The man refused to answer her questions until she identified herself. When she did, he told her that he was Detective Mullican of the Pasadena police department and that her step-son had been shot and killed. He asked her to bring Dean's father to the Pasadena police station.

The emerging stories of Dean Corll's last days indicated he was under a strain powerful enough for him to consider taking his own life. Only he could answer questions as to why, and his secrets went to his grave with him. One can surmise. His appetite, as evidenced by the rapidly increasing toll of victims during the three months prior to his death, had become a frightening thing. David Brooks had already defected, had married, would soon become a father. Wayne Henley had found a steady companion in Rhonda Williams and, even then, was planning to run away with her and travel with Corll to Colorado. He, himself, was the recipient of the steady love of a young divorcee with two young boys who called him "Daddy." He was planning to quit his job and move to Colorado to help his mother at another candy factory. He had promised Betty and her boys that he

would send for them (and had taken her into his confidence by asking her not to tell Brooks).

Was something deep within him rebelling at his unorthodox way of life? Were the ghosts of too many young boys parading through his dreams? Did he hope to quench his raging desires, blunt his savage compulsions by removing himself far from the scenes of his crimes? Or, with such finality, by an overdose of drugs?

Dean Corll obviously was a "mama's boy." His early years were spent in a household where family fights were the order of the day — and he had no real sense of security. He gravitated toward his mother. After the divorce, she worked to support her sons, demanding from them only obedience. Thus Corll developed into a helpful boy who always did as his mother told him. While he worked as a young boy to help make a living, he nevertheless felt completely dependent on her.

It has been reported that he had his first homosexual experience in the army. In any event, he fell in love with Brooks and later with Henley. And Brooks was completely dependent on Corll. Henley was not. Brooks remained attached to Corll even after his marriage. Perhaps that is why Corll asked Betty not to tell Brooks they were going to Colorado. He was afraid of what Brooks might say to her when confronted with such shattering news.

Some psychiatrists say that sexual sadism and homosexuality are almost incidental to the deep-seated emotional disturbances that trigger killings such as the Houston mass murders. Laymen generally think they go together — sexual aberration and homicide. Actually, they occur together only rarely. When the two are linked together in so many undetected killings, the central figure is a bright psychotic. This does not mean that persons associated with such a psychotic are, or must be,

emotionally ill themselves. But if the psychotic has set the pattern of behavior himself, and if he is highly esteemed by his associates or plays the dominant and significant role in their relationship, they may act out the same pattern without being sick themselves.

Corll certainly played the dominant role in his associations with Wayne Henley and David Brooks. His hold, obviously, was so strong on Brooks that the youth dropped out of Waltrip high school after one month there to spend all his time with Corll. At first, Brooks said, Corll paid him for sexual favors. They lived together frequently after that. The boy's family lived in the Heights at 1005 Gardendale, and thus Brooks had easy access to Corll all the time. His father has never issued a statement or commented publicly about his boy's relationship with Corll.

Only the sketchiest information about Brooks is available. He was born in Beaumont in 1955 and was an A and B student in his elementary school years. These grades dropped to D's and F's at Hamilton Junior High School. He, too, was from a broken home. His parents were divorced in 1961. Brooks' mother has remarried and now lives in Tioga, Louisiana. She hadn't seen her son for four years until she visited relatives in Houston in 1972 and David visited with her. "I love my son, but that doesn't mean I condone what he has done," she said. "If you love somebody, it is hard to see the bad in him."

In his statement to police Brooks said he met Corll in 1969. The youth would have been 14 at the time. But his attorney, Ted Musick, said Brooks and Corll met much earlier, when Brooks was only 10. The boy was placed in the custody of his mother when the Brooks were divorced in 1961, when David was five years old. The father then moved to Houston, and young Brooks would travel back and forth between Beaumont and

Houston, staying first with his father, then with his mother.

As for Mr. Brooks, he had lived a quiet life as a building contractor and has not spoken at all about himself, his son or their relationship. However, it is obvious that Dean Corll filled needs in young Brooks' life that had existed without the knowledge of his parents.

Henley's relationship with Corll was, self-admittedly, based on economics (after he escaped the fate in store for him when Brooks first took him to Corll). At the time, Henley was a Hamilton Junior High School dropout. His parents were divorced in 1969 and Wayne began working at a series of jobs to help support his mother and three brothers. The attendance officer at Hamilton junior high school described young Henley's life at the time as working days and nights and going to school in between. "He needed to make money to support the family. When I learned all the circumstances, I did not press the boy," the attendance officer said. Henley was proud of his efforts to support his family. "I worked," he told reporters. "David lived off Dean."

Henley had hopes of getting in the army but he was rejected because of his lack of education. Brooks introduced Henley to Corll in late 1970, and Henley said it was some months before he took Corll up on his offers of money — the first offer was of \$200 "and he paid me some of that" — and began to participate actively.

Whether for money or affection, both boys had little difficulty in "acting out" Corll's pattern of living. Once firmly ensnared in Corll's grasp, they evidenced little trouble in carrying out his orders when he wanted young boys. And, apparently, the two wasted little if any effort in attempting to establish a rationale that would alleviate any guilt they might have felt. They were obedient to Corll's every desire.

A social psychologist, Stanley Milgram, explains some

of the aspects of such obedience in a book entitled "Obedience to Authority" (Harper & Row), published in January, 1974. The book is based on a series of experiments with three persons. One was the "authority," another was the "executioner," and the third was the "victim." The "executioner" was seated before a panel of electrical switches. The "victim" was strapped into a sort of electric chair. The point of the experiment was to see how far the "executioner" would go when the "authority" ordered him to inflict increasing pain on the "victim" when the "victim" would not answer questions properly. Unknown to the "executioner," the "victim" actually was an actor who received no shocks at all.

Astonishingly, the great majority of "executioners" followed orders right up to the most powerful shocks available. Some did try to quit, but lost their resolve in the face of the "authority's" firmness, particularly after he had told them, in effect, to not worry because he was responsible for such things as heart attacks and serious injuries. The experiment was constructed in such a fashion that it was impossible for the "executioner" to quit without flat defiance. Rather than quit, most went along.

Milgram concluded that a person comes to view himself "as the instrument for carrying out another person's wishes, and he therefore no longer regards himself as responsible for his actions. Once this critical shift of viewpoint has occurred, all of the essential features of obedience follow. The most far-reaching consequences is that a person feels responsible to the authority directing him but feels no responsibility for the content of the actions that the authority prescribes. Morality does not disappear — it acquires a radically different focus; the subordinate feels shame or pride depending upon how adequately he has performed the actions called for by the authority... (this) extreme willingness to go to

almost any lengths on the command of authority constitutes the chief findings of the study and the fact most urgently demanding explanation."

Both Brooks and Henley could carry out Corll's orders without question. Neither evidenced any feeling of shame. Through it all Corll was the dominant personality, the "authority" in the lives of the two boys. They listened during the "rap" sessions on the types of boys Corll liked. They went out and got them. It was, in the essence, as simple as that.

Charles Owen Melder, Henley's attorney, said after long discussions with his client that Dean Corll emerged as the most influential person in Henley's life. And Henley could say with perfect aplomb to Sheriff Hoyt of San Augustine County that all he wanted to do was to "find the rest of these boys, make my bond and go home." It was his bail bond that he was concerned with, not the shock he had caused his mother, when he called her from the San Augustine jail. Henley had carried out the assignments given him by Corll, and apparently felt no guilt.

Brooks' attorney, Ted Musick, put it differently for his client. Brooks thought Corll was the "kindest, most compassionate, most brilliant person he had ever met, and could do no wrong." Brooks believed this to the degree that he could not understand why he was locked up. He would constantly demand of Musick, "Why are they holding me here?" And he badgered his stricken father when Mr. Brooks visited him in his cell. "Daddy, why don't you take me home?"

Police, however, will tell you that "both these punks enjoyed what they were doing. That's why they were there. . . to get their kicks."

The first charges in the case were filed in Harris County early Saturday morning (Henley earlier had been

charged in San Augustine County on three murder counts and bond set at \$100,000, but he had been released to Pasadena Detective Dave Mullican).

In Houston Henley was charged with murder in the deaths of Charles Cary Cobble and Marty Ray Jones, whose bodies were found in the boat stall. Brooks was charged in the death of Billy Lawrence, whose remains were found at the lake.

At the same time, First Assistant District Attorney Sam Robertson expressed serious reservations that the two youths would qualify for the death penalty under the newly enacted Texas capital punishment law devised to circumvent restrictions laid down by the United States Supreme Court in 1972. The statute permits the execution of persons who have committed murder during the course of the major crimes of kidnaping, burglary, forceable rape and arson. And the jury must first find a defendant guilty of such crimes. Then, it must decide unanimously that the murder was deliberate, that the accused would continue with his acts of violence if he were freed, and that the conduct of the defendant in killing his victim was unreasonable in response to the provocation that made him commit the act.

Robertson said he wanted to study the case thoroughly, however, before he made his final judgement. Assistant District Attorney Michael Hinton, who was scheduled to prosecute Brooks and Henley, found himself "astounded" at the world-wide publicity given the sensational case. He was concerned that the attorneys for the youths would demand a change of venue on ground that undue publicity would rule out a fair trial.

"Where would they get a change of venue to," he asked. "To Canada? Or London?"

The district attorney himself, Carol Vance, meantime, was irritated at the press for printing David Brooks' second statement to homicide detectives. He issued an

edict ordering police officials to quit talking about the case to reporters except to give the names and addresses of the dead boys after they had been identified and their parents notified. These instructions were taped to the glass front of Lieutenant Porter's office, easily noticed by inquiring reporters.

Parents had criticized the police for releasing the names of "possible" victims. The police, in turn, faulted the press for printing the names. As for the Brooks statement, the responsibility for its release in full was laid on the press wire services; editors said that when it came into their wire rooms on the news tickers, they assumed that all newspapers would print it. In normal situations, Houston reporters have access to such statements but print resumes designed to not reveal information the district attorney might consider of an evidentiary nature.

In Rome that Saturday morning, the Pope (or someone close to him) wrote an editorial entitled "Horror" in reference to the Houston mass murders. In it he declared, "We are in the domain of sadism and demonism. This is beyond the borderline of crime because it is beyond the borderline of reason. What wicked force can produce such a degradation — we were about to say dissolution — of man?"

The editorialist answered his question by declaring that such degradation was produced by sex and drugs. "The two monsters — sex and drugs — have generated a new and different being, monstrous and demoniac." Last year Pope Paul said moral corruptions was bringing some groups of people under the "dominance of Satan."

Rumors that Dean Corll had used his father's cottage at Lake Sam Rayburn for murder had made officials of San Angelina County restive. Saturday morning four men, including two San Angelina County deputy sheriffs

and a man representing the U.S. Corps of Engineers, were observed forcing open a window in a house. They climbed inside, and ransacked the place. Unfortunately, it belonged to Mrs. E. J. Smith of 8318 Waterbury in Houston — not Arnold Corll, Dean's father. When confronted by the man who had observed them through his binoculars, the officers explained who they were and what they hoped to accomplish. Later, officers "gained access" to the Corll cottage but found nothing to indicate it was a "murder house."

On Sunday Wayne Henley asked that his family minister be allowed to come to his cell in the Pasadena jail and pray for him. The Reverend Matt Chambers responded. He was pastor of the Fulbright Methodist Church at 251 West 27th Street in the Heights, just one block east of the Henley home. The church also is directly across the street from the Ben Hur apartments, where Charles Cary Cobble and Marty Ray Jones lived in their little one-room apartment. Henley had to travel just one block for both his victims and his salvation.

"We did have prayer together," the Reverend Chambers said. "It is only natural for him to ask for his pastor. I think he feels responsibility to God." He said that Henley had been active in the church recreational program in the fall of 1972 and thus under the minister's close observation. "But he gave no inkling of doing anything outside the law." He suggested that the weight of the responsibility the boy had assumed in helping support his mother and brothers could have been responsible for Henley's actions. "You take a boy, a sensitive boy, and he takes on such a responsibility at an early age, this would cause an upheaval in the boy's life," he said.

Sunday also was a day of recreation and exploration

for sightseers and thrill seekers. Mrs. Meynier stood in her living room and looked out the window and through a driving rainstorm at the steady and unending stream of cars passing by. The drivers were peering out in search of Silver Bell Street and the boatyard on the prairie behind her house.

Police had given her permission to remove the street sign to discourage sightseeing. They had barred access to Silver Bell Street on Saturday. They had thought the rain would keep visitors away Sunday, but it didn't.

The visitors chattered and giggled as they parked along Player Road or Silver Bell Street and walked close to the barbed wire fence to stare at the gray, squat building and visualize its hidden graves.

"This place is going to be a tourist attraction," one looker told his bikini-clad companion. "Whoever owns this place can make a lot of money just selling tickets."

Said Sammy Freeman of 14415 Buffalo Speedway, "I'm just looking, like everybody else."

Ortho Evans, who lives across Silver Bell from the boatyard, took umbrage at all the activity. He parked his car at the street end of his driveway to keep people from turning around. "This is just like a damned circus!" he said angrily.

One French-born resident of the area, who took his two young sons to see the boatyard because they asked him to, was upset that the American flag had been draped over Corll's coffin during his funeral services. "You drape the American flag over him and bury him just like everything is normal. I don't get it!"

Eventually a squad car arrived and sealed off Silver Bell Street.

San Augustine County officials kept an eye on the four grave sites found in the woods by Lake Sam Rayburn, but reported only a few persons attempted to visit the place.

The graves of the two bodies found on the High Island beach were ignored. Deputies had been posted to ward off trespassers at the sites, but they weren't needed. Had Sheriff Otter of Chambers County not decided to postpone the search for the four other bodies Brooks and Henley had said were buried on the beach, he figured the area would have been jammed with Sunday drivers and "galloping curious." A helicopter loaded with cameramen and reporters for the National Broadcasting Company cruised slowly over the two burial sites. A reporter explained: "We were looking for anything we might have missed yesterday."

Sheriff Otter was busy Sunday making plans for Monday's search. Chambers County has exactly 1.2 miles of shoreline on the Gulf of Mexico. Galveston County lies to the west, Jefferson County to the east. He decided to strip away the sand from the grass line of the beach toward the water, and he said he expected it would take several "cuts" to expose the beach thoroughly.

Don Theriot, assistant chief deputy sheriff of Jefferson County, had ordered county road grading equipment brought to the beach to be ready for work Monday morning. He had a starting point in his county — the smelly depression in the sand located by George Leger and Bucky Faggard after Leger remembered offering to help the young man with the stranded car.

Dr. Jachimczyk and his crew of pathologists now had 23 bodies in their Harris County morgue at Ben Taub hospital. Five had been identified. The total had mounted with the arrival of the two discovered Friday at Lake Sam Rayburn. Two bodies had been identified Friday — those of Charles Cary Cobble and Marty Ray Jones. One, that of Billy Lawrence, was partially identified Friday by Lufkin pathologist Dr. Jack Pruitt, and this identification was confirmed in Houston Saturday.

The Waldrop brothers — Donald Edward, 15, and his 12-year-old brother Jerry Lynn — were identified Sunday on the basis of clothing and bone structure.

Dr. Jachimczyk and his force were working through the weekend seeking their "points of identification" so necessary if they were to succeed in their work. Even so, there were 10 untouched bodies awaiting him and his staff when they reported for work Sunday morning. He realized the strain the parents of named but still-to-be identified boys were undergoing that weekend. He wished desperately he could move along faster.

Attorney Charles Melder chose the weekend to criticize police handling of Henley. He said the temperature in Henley's cell was 60 degrees. "They won't give him a blanket, and he's so dis-oriented as to time that we wonder if what he has said is true, in many instances, or if he is just confused," Melder said.

He said there had been many violations of Henley's constitutional rights. "He was not warned. He was not brought before a magistrate immediately."

He and his associate, Edwin Peglow, termed Henley's statement to Detective Mullican a confession, and said it was obtained under duress. "Obviously, if we had been there, he would not have made any statement at all. The state has the duty of proving his guilt. The constitution provides that he not be convicted out of his own mouth unless he voluntarily and knowingly waives that right."

Pasadena officials had no comment on Melder's charges, even to the complaint about Henley's chilly cell.

Melder also said he was not contemplating asking for a change of venue for Henley's trial. "We think our client can get as fair a trial in Houston as he can in El Paso," he said. "I'm sure this case has been as well publicized out there as it has been here."

He indicated he would plead Henley insane. "I don't

think anybody would say that the actions that have taken place are normal. It smacks of insanity." He said he would gather a panel of psychiatrists to examine Henley before he made a decision on how he would plead Henley.

And Henley, whether chilled by the temperature or by his nightmares, prepared to shiver his way through another night in the Pasadena jail.

The Aftermath

Early Monday morning Sheriffs Otter of Chambers County and Culbertson of Jefferson County returned to the High Island beach with road graders and a backhoe. Henley and Brooks were there in custody of Pasadena and Houston detectives. And the search began for the remaining bodies the boys had said would be found beneath the sand.

George Leger and Bucky Faggard joined the lawmen. Leger, it will be recalled, had recognized Henley Friday as the youth he tried to help free his car from the beach sand some months before. He had led Faggard to the spot. They had located a shallow depression in the sand and probed it with driftwood sticks until Faggard's stick hit a solid object. They had told Sheriff Culbertson about this.

Leger and Faggard led officers to the depression. The backhoe trenched an outline, and deputies freed the body with their shovels.

The head had been wrapped in clear plastic, and the blue-jeaned legs were sprawled out as if the body had been hastily dumped into the grave and covered up by apprehensive and hurried gravediggers. No lime was found.

The early start did not escape the attention of sight-seers. A crowd of bikini-clad girls and long-haired boys,

and a surprising number of their elders, grew throughout the day. They jostled and elbowed for advantageous positions until cowboy-booted Mary Dugat, the Justice of the Peace, threatened to fine them \$20 each if they didn't stand back. (A photograph in the Houston Post of a hulking youth with a protective arm draped over the shoulders of a young lovely in a knitted white bikini the size of a postage stamp brought a spate of outraged letters to the editor. And some quick rebuttals: "What's wrong with wearing a bikini on the beach?")

The second body was found back down the beach 600 yards west of the Jefferson County line. The lead grader, biting into the beach to a depth of one foot to 18 inches, exposed a discolored spot. The backhoe trenched around it. The shovelers probed into the spot carefully, and found the corpse. The hands and feet had been tied. The grave had not been limed, and the body was partly decomposed. Sheriff Otter guessed that this body had been buried for at least nine months.

Justice Dugat was more than annoyed when a small black Chihuahua pranced gaily into the grave and yapped at the discovery. Sobered, the crowd backstepped hastily as the diggers drove the dog away with their shovels. (Homicide detectives had considered the use of police dogs to sniff out bodies, but had decided against it.) Overhead throbbed a helicopter from the Johnson Space Center experimenting with photographic equipment as an aid to the discovery of bodies. (Inquiry had been made as to the availability of a body-detecting device developed in June of 1971 during the search for the 25 bodies found in the Juan Corona mass murder case in California. Though the device did not locate any bodies in the Corona case, it is presently being tested by the U.S. Army in Southeast Asia in the search for the bodies of missing American servicemen. The device detects gases given off by animal tissue through use of

probes pushed into the ground.)

The last two bodies found in the Corll murder case — numbers 26 and 27 — were uncovered midway between the first two. The naked corpses had been buried bound head to toe, and were almost totally decomposed.

Also in the common grave were two extra bones — an arm bone and a pelvis bone.

At this point, Sheriff Otter called a halt to his search. He had been told that the four additional bodies would be found on the High Island beach, and he and Sheriff Culbertson had found them. He would search no more until he received definite information on the location of other graves, if others there were. He was not grateful in the first place that Corll had selected his mile-long stretch of Gulf Coast beach as the burial ground for five of the six bodies found at High Island.

Houston Police Chief Short had met with the press at 10 a.m. Monday. His purpose, he said, was to "clarify and delineate department policy and the law relating to runaway juveniles and missing persons." The chief was forceful and brief. People who claimed that his department was not doing its best to track down missing youths were engaging in "a disgusting attempt at scapegoating!" he declared. He fired this barb at parents of runaways. He charged that they had not carried out their parental obligations to look out for their young. But he added: "This is not directed at the parents of these (dead) youths categorically. I know nothing about them."

As for the press, Short stated that "little can be served by the overzealous attempts of media representatives to compound this tragedy by insinuations to the families of the victims or to the public in general that more could have been done..." He said that David Brooks' statement had been published without permis-

sion to complicate the prosecution of the case when, in his opinion, the press "should see us through this case."

Then he made statements which indicated he was out of touch with the actions and findings of his own investigators. He said that no pattern was apparent in the disappearances. (The Juvenile Division had pulled files and identified the pattern for the Homicide Division once they obtained the names and addresses of the first three victims mentioned by Wayne Henley.) Short said news stories indicating there were "links" among the various victims and the suspected killers were "myths" created by the media. (This, after Brooks had told in his statement how he, Henley and Coril had obtained the boys and had explained that many of the victims were their friends.)

Local reporters, accustomed to the chief's attitude when his department was criticized, simply stared at him. Visiting reporters, who had cut their eyeteeth on police beats, shook their heads in disbelief.

Short quoted the district attorney's office in stating that running away was not a crime, adding that his department handled runaways as a public service. "When a runaway is found, the child is returned to his parents, but police cannot detain the youngster or prevent his running away again." As for the murdered boys, he said pickups had been issued in eight of the cases and 22 field investigations conducted. Some of the boys had not been reported missing, he said.

He also touched the Heights area briefly, saying parents there were "pretty well misinformed" concerning ties between the missing youngsters and their alleged killers. And he added that at times parents of runaways "sometimes don't tell us the truth" about their cases.

An editorial writer at the Houston Post, bemused by Chief Short's reaction to criticism, decided that his principal shortcoming was a genuine lack of concern over the

plight of the missing youngsters and their parents. "But a review (of the various case histories) makes it clear that by no means were they all runaways," said the editorial. "In their behavior during the days and hours before they disappeared, they had given none of the warning signs so characteristic of runaways: no nagging disagreements between youth and parents, no violent family conflicts, no previous trial runs. . . (so) when many boys disappear from one comparatively small area, this should form a pattern to alert the authorities.

"The fact that so many parents of missing boys have expressed bitterness at what they felt to be a lack of interest and action at the time of the making of first reports is a fact that the Police Department and the whole city must take seriously. The city must provide some recourse to citizens in time of distress and fear. If our police department is so understaffed and overburdened that it cannot look into the matter of a missing child — perhaps a runaway, but perhaps also kidnaped or murdered — then the City Council must enlarge and improve the police department and its equipment. . .

"A team should be given time to interview distraught parents to distinguish where possible between a runaway and a child who may be in desperate need of police help. The police department should be equipped to plot missing children on a map, to use modern computer programs and interstate communications to seek out not only missing children but those who prey on the young. Some of these fledglings are being pushed from the nest, some leave it prematurely — but some are being seized and borne away. . ."

The chief amplified his press conference remarks on a radio interview panel after the number of bodies recovered reached 27. He said the mass murders had taught parents the need to exert more effort to know the whereabouts of their children and the company they

keep; that parents should warn their youngsters of the perils of hitchhiking, playing in public parks and associating with strangers. He added that he planned a crack-down on hitchhikers, especially on freeways, though he was sure the department would be criticized for spending so much time and effort on violators of such a petty offense as hitchhiking.

(Chief Short resigned in the wake of Houston's mayoralty election in December. The political climate had changed for him. His chief backer, Mayor Louie Welch, had not sought reelection. The winner, Fred Hofheinz, had made it crystal clear that he was no admirer of Short. Strong support from the black community brought Hofheinz a close victory over Councilman Dick Gottlieb — and Hofheinz began looking for a new chief of police.)

Principal witnesses in the murder case began appearing before a Harris County Grand Jury that Monday, though it had been only five days since Henley had killed Corll. Tim Kerley and Rhonda Williams, who had been present at Corll's death, were the first.

Then came Billy Ridinger, whose life Brooks claimed to have saved. Ridinger wore a huge grocery sack over his head to thwart photographers. Squares had been cut in the sack so Ridinger could see to get past newsmen and into the Grand Jury room, but there was no hole for his mouth. The sight of interviewers thrusting their microphones up against the sack where they thought Ridinger's mouth should be was a rare touch of humor in the case.

The officers who took Brooks' and Henley's statements testified, as did Homicide Captain L. D. Morrison, Lieutenant Porter and the detectives who conducted the investigations of the case and were present when the bodies were recovered at the Corll's boat stall, Lake Sam

Rayburn and the High Island beach.

Among others testifying were two youths who had known Henley and Brooks while attending Hamilton Junior High School. One, Robert M. Etheridge, 17, now in the U. S. Navy, had read about the case in a San Diego newspaper and volunteered to tell the Grand Jury of his acquaintanceship with Henley. He was flown to Houston to testify.

The Grand Jury wasted little time in indicting Henley and Brooks. The next day it returned true bills against both boys. Henley was indicted in the deaths of Billy Lawrence, Charles Cary Cobble and Marty Ray Jones, and Brooks in the death of Billy Lawrence. Ten days later, Henley was indicted in the killing of Johnny Delome, and Brooks in the slayings of James Eugene Glass, Ruben Watson and Johnny Delome. Two more indictments were returned September 7 — against Henley in the deaths of Frank Anthony Aguirre and Homer Garcia. All in all, ten indictments were handed down in eight deaths. Both youths were indicted in the Lawrence and Delome killings.

Meanwhile, efforts by attorneys to get the youths freed on bond failed. And a battle was joined over psychiatric examinations of Henley and Brooks, and who would conduct them. District Judge William M. Hatten appointed a mental examining team headed by Dr. Ben Sher, Chief County Psychiatrist. Brooks attorney, Ted Musick, not only subjected his client to examination by this group but obtained the services of four authorities in the field for his own examination. They were Dr. Exter F. Bell, Jr., a psychiatrist, and Jack Tractir, a psychologist, both of Houston; Victor Cline, a clinical psychologist of the University of Utah, and Dr. Blaine McLaughlin, a Fort Worth psychiatrist. Henley, however, rejected any questioning by Dr. Sher's team on

the advice of his attorney, Charles Melder. Later, Melder changed his mind and allowed the Sher team to make the examination.

The attorneys differed, too, on the subject of sanity hearings. Melder said he would not seek a separate sanity hearing "because insanity will be his (Henley's) defense." Musick said he would seek such a hearing. "If my client is found sane, I will file for a change of venue." He added that the district attorney's office would join him in the motion. Since Henley was scheduled for trial first, Musick felt that press coverage might be so sensational as to preclude a fair trial later in Houston for Brooks.

The District Attorney announced that Henley and Brooks would be tried on one count only. Henley would be tried for the murder of Charles Cary Cobble, the 17-year-old youth whose body was found in Dean Corll's boat stall. The boy had been strangled and buried just two weeks before Corll was killed by Henley.

Brooks would be tried in the killing of William Ray (Billy) Lawrence, who disappeared June 11. Young Lawrence had been strangled and buried at Lake Sam Rayburn.

Extraordinary precautions were taken to protect Henley and Brooks during their arraignment. The district attorney's office said it had received both telephoned and mailed threats against their lives, some from as far away as Tucson. Ten bailiffs were stationed inside the courtroom and six in the hallway outside. The bullet-proof windows in the courtroom doors were covered with paper, and no one was allowed to enter or leave the courtroom during the proceedings.

Henley walked jauntily into the courtroom sporting a small goatee, a faint mustache and medium-long hair. He wore a white T-shirt, blue jeans and boots, and he carried a bible in his right hand. Brooks was dressed in

white — T-shirt, trousers and low-quarter tennis shoes. His hair was long, as usual, and he wore his wire-rimmed glasses.

Neither youth said anything except "not guilty" when asked how they pleaded to the charges against them. Their trial dates were set, and they were led back to their cells.

Both prosecution and defense would be operating under a new rule in Texas for determining insanity. Texas had been utilizing the 130-year-old "M'Naghten Rule" — as had most states until recent years — which stems from a famous case in England in 1843. Daniel M'Naghten shot and killed the private secretary to Sir Robert Peel. M'Naghten mistook the secretary for Sir Robert, whom he thought was hounding him. M'Naghten was defended on grounds of insanity, and the jury found him "not guilty, on grounds of insanity."

Dr. Karl Menninger, in his book "The Crime of Punishment," wrote that, substantially, the rule held that a man was not a proper subject for hanging if he was unable to distinguish socially, i.e., acceptable, "right" from socially, i.e., unacceptable, "wrong" conduct. In practice, Menninger wrote, "this usually meant that because delirious and demented individuals were incapable of appreciating and profiting by the punishment of official vengeance, these cases might as well be taken out of the docket to save time and money." Thus knowledge of "right" from "wrong" had been the key element in decisions as to whether a defendant was sane or insane.

In 1973, the Texas Legislature adopted what is known as the "A.L.I. Rule" promulgated by the American Law Institute. It already had been adopted by the federal judicial system and the courts of 38 states. The "A.L.I. Rule" stems from a decision in 1954 by Judge David Bazelon, Chief Justice of the United States Court

of Appeals in the District of Columbia. The case involved a man named Durham. The judge ruled "that an accused is not criminally responsible if his unlawful act was the product of mental disease or mental defect. We use 'disease' in the sense of a condition which is considered capable of improving or deteriorating. We use 'defect' in the sense of a condition which is not considered capable of either improving or deteriorating and which may be congenital, or the result of an injury, or the residual effect of a physical or mental disease."

Thus, the juries in the Henley and Brooks cases must determine whether or not the youths lacked a "substantial capacity" at the time of their crimes to resist doing what they did "as a result of mental disease or defects."

Many attorneys, both prosecutors and defenders, shudder at the implications of this rule since they have so long relied upon psychiatrists to influence juries in such cases. Now, physicians and even laymen can be summoned to testify as to whether a person accused of a crime was sane or insane at the time of the act. And prosecutors are bracing for a multitude of "mental defects" and "diseases" which defense attorneys might offer to prove clients insane.

The alarm in the Heights section crystallized 10 days after the first bodies were found. A mass meeting was held in the West 14th Street Baptist Church. Parents of boys who had been identified as Corll's victims were on hand — and so were parents of missing teen-agers. Joining them were federal, state and local officials.

Into this meeting strode a man carrying an axe, a rifle, a pistol and two tear gas cannisters. He placed the axe and rifle on the floor and sat down near the front of the church with the pistol and cannisters still in his hands.

State Representative John Whitmore hastily

summoned Lieutenant Joe Skipper of the Houston Juvenile Division. Skipper sat down beside the man and identified himself as a police officer. At this, the man lunged toward his axe and rifle. Skipper, with Whitmore's assistance, pinned his arms and wrestled him to the floor.

The man identified himself as Earl Verne O'Brien, father of four children. He said he had brought his arsenal to the meeting to show parents how easy it would be to kill children. He said he was a Scoutmaster, that he had camped on the beach where bodies had been found and now realized how close he had come to being involved in the crime.

"I love children, and I want to help them," O'Brien explained as he was led away to jail to be charged with carrying a pistol. The weapons were not loaded.

Chief Short did not attend the meeting, nor did Captain Horton of the Juvenile Division nor Inspector H. D. Caldwell of the police Community Relations Division.

Some of the mothers of missing boys spoke briefly. Mrs. Hilligiest told the gathering, "I lost my boy. He wasn't a problem child. I just sent him swimming and he was killed. What can we do about that?" Then she began to weep.

The search for bodies was halted when the total reached 27. One reason was that Henley and Brooks could not recall more names or burial sites. They had estimated that from 24 to 30 bodies had been buried.

Police believe there are more bodies to be found, and especially on the Galveston beach. If bodies are there, it is not the fault of the police that a search has not been made. Galveston city officials refused to allow a thorough search.

Two stories support contentions that more bodies

could be found. Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Abernathy of 3015 Broadmeade (in Houston) told Houston Homicide Detective K. D. Porter they were setting up their camp on the eastern tip of Galveston island in February or March of 1973 when two men carrying a long bundle walked over a nearby sand dune. Abernathy commented to his wife, "Hey, baby, somebody's burying a body." She laughed, replying that it probably was somebody putting up a tent or windbreaker. Abernathy forgot about the incident until the mass murder story broke.

Within half an hour of receiving this story, Porter was told a similar story by another man. This man said he and his wife were searching for a camp site on East End Flats (eastern Galveston beach) in June of 1973 when they came upon a white van and another car parked by a hole dug in the beach. A large plastic-wrapped bundle lay beside the hole.

He identified two of the men at the scene from news photographs as Dean Corll and Wayne Henley. He said a third person had long, blond hair. David Brooks has long, blond hair. The man said the youth he thought was Henley advanced upon him and his wife with a menacing expression on his face, and they quickly drove on down the beach.

Galveston police officials originally planned to use road graders to turn the sand on the spit of land at the eastern end of the island, but Galveston City Manager John Unverferth refused them permission to expose the beach with grading equipment. He said the area was a sanctuary for rare birds, and could not be disturbed lest it would destroy their eggs.

So Galveston Police Chief D. K. Lack and Detective Porter of Houston took three trusties and members of the city's Junior Police Organization to the area and dug holes and probed the sands at random with steel rods. After four hours, they gave up.

Later, Unverferth retracted his statement that the area was a bird sanctuary. The state, he said, had merely expressed an interest in preserving birds and other wild life there. Houston homicide officers have not abandoned plans for a thorough search of the area. But they say only that the subject "is not closed." They do not wish to be critical of the officials of another city, especially one so close to Houston as Galveston. Yet they quietly pray that arrangements can be made to allow them to finish their job of exploring every lead. They shudder to think, however, of the shattering impact the discovery of more bodies would have on the trials of Henley and Brooks, especially if they were recovered during the course of the trials.

Sheriff Otter believes more bodies also might be found on the High Island beach in his county. He points out that two extra bones — an arm bone and a pelvis bone — were found in the double grave that contained the 26th and 27th bodies. He feels that eventually evidence or testimony from Henley or Brooks will lead him to additional bodies.

And, while officers were unsuccessfully attempting to get permission to conduct an extensive search of East End Flats on Galveston island, diggers were active in the Heights. A Houston woman had told Lieutenant Porter that she had seen Dean Corll burying something behind the Corll candy factory one midnight in 1965. Porter sent detectives and trusties to the old factory site on West 22nd Street. As neighbors surrounded them, they dug up the backyard. They found nothing.

Informed of this, Mrs. West was outraged. From her home in Manitou Springs, Colorado, she verbally blistered the Houston Police Department. "He was burying trash and stale candy," she said. "I asked him to do it! I watched him as he was doing it!"

On Friday, September 7, Everett Waldrop received a shocking telephone call in his Atlanta home from Dr. Jachimczyk. There had been a mistake. The two boys Waldrop had taken back from Houston and buried were not his children. Shaken as he was, Waldrop's concern was for his wife. She had been depressed and in poor health since Jerry Lynn and Donald Edward Waldrop had been returned for re-burial from their grave of 18 months in Dean Corll's boat stall.

Dr. Jachimczyk told Waldrop there had been a mixup in identification and the wrong bodies sent to Atlanta. An official in the district attorney's office said the bodies buried in Atlanta were those of Malley Winkle and David Hilligiest.

Waldrop said that he was not responsible for the wrong identifications. "This is just another thing to show you what kind of people you've got down there." Waldrop had previously criticized the Houston Juvenile Division for what he considered mis-handling of the search for his two missing boys.

Dr. Jachimczyk differed sharply with Waldrop. He said that his office had relied upon Waldrop's description of his boys' clothing, weight, height, dental fillings and other body features. While Waldrop did not personally view the remains, his descriptions matched up with the two bodies. Jachimczyk added frankly that "we didn't have the heart" to hold the bodies until all 27 had been identified before releasing them for re-burial.

Waldrop said he had spent \$300 to get his boys shipped back to Atlanta — "all I could afford" — and that friends and anonymous donors had supplied the \$1,150 needed for their burial. The Houston funeral home that handled the arrangements said the figure was correct, that costs had totaled \$1,450.

Waldrop's friends thought he should be compensated for this cost or, at least, that Harris County should

defray the expenses of exhuming the Hilligiest and Winkle boys and returning them to Houston and sending to Atlanta the bodies of the Waldrop brothers.

Harris County Judge Bill Elliott said that Commissioner's Court would not authorize such funds until the fault for the mixup could be determined. Commissioner Bob Eckels was worried that the county might set a precedent if it paid the costs. They called upon the county attorney to render a decision.

In Atlanta, Chief Medical Examiner Robert R. Stivers for Metropolitan Atlanta said, "If I released a body that was supposed to go one place and I sent it to another place, I think our responsibility would be to pay."

While the Harris County officials dallied, Mrs. Winkle and Mrs. Hilligiest awaited release of their sons' bodies for burial. Both mothers expressed "sorrow and concern" for the Waldrops "because they have got to go through all of this again."

As the days rocked along and the controversy raged, the Volunteer Mercy Corps of Texas, a non-profit organization, volunteered to make the body exchange free of charge. This was after Harris County District Attorney Carol Vance explained that his department could not legally spend its own budgeted funds for such a purpose.

But Dr. Jachimczyk, who had been quietly searching for a solution, announced he had accepted the offer of the Pat H. Foley & Co. funeral home to provide the hearse and the money for transferring the bodies. James Turner, an investigator for the Medical Examiner's office, had volunteered to drive the hearse. The funeral home would pay all costs including the opening and closing of the graves in Georgia. There would be no expense at all for the Waldrops, Mrs. Winkle and the Hilligiests.

And, finally, nearly two weeks after the fiasco began, the body exchange was accomplished. Brief services had been held in Atlanta when the grave was opened for the

transfer of bodies. In Houston, services were held on Friday, September 21, for David Hilligiest and Malley Winkle. David's funeral was held that morning, Malley's that afternoon, so friends of both boys and their families could pay their respects to the boys and to the courage, compassion — and patience — of their parents.

By October 9 — two full months after Corll's murder mill had been exposed by his murder — 18 of the 27 victims had been identified. Dr. Jachimczyk was certain that he could identify two more bodies as those of Mike and Billy Baulch. Mike had disappeared in July of 1973, Billy in May of 1972. The body Jachimczyk believed to be Mike's had been found in the boat shed with two bullet holes in the head. The body he believed to be Billy's had been found on the High Island beach with a strangulation cord still around the neck. Jachimczyk needed the help of the parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Baulch, and he asked them to come to the morgue.

Immediately Mr. Baulch recognized a belt buckle he had given Mike. It had been found in the boat shed. The parents then examined photographs of skulls — and were asked to examine the actual jawbones and teeth. They identified their sons.

Later, Baulch said, "I had to do it, and so did my wife." He shook his head. "Just bones, that's all they were. Just bones. It's going to be pure hell to bury your sons bone by bone."

The bodies were buried on October 12 in Woodlawn Garden of Memories — near the bodies of Malley Winkle and Homer Garcia and Jimmy Glass.

It almost went unnoticed when the district attorney's office reported on the disposition of the original killing in the case — the slaying of Corll by Henley. The

slaying, said Assistant District Attorney Don Lambright, was an act of self-defense and no charges would be filed against Henley. He said Grand Jury testimony of Tim Kerley and Rhonda Williams corroborated the story Henley had told Detective Sergeant Dave Mullican of Pasadena.

The testimony of Kerley and Rhonda Williams appeared to be the only thing that satisfied the Grand Jury, however. In its report on the case, the jury criticized both Police Chief Short and District Attorney Vance. Both, said the report, lacked "professional imagination, thoroughness and coordination" in their investigations of the murders. Police had halted its investigation too soon, the report said, and the district attorney had not assigned sufficient manpower to the case. Oral confessions taken early in the case had never been reduced to writing, vital testimony taken before the Grand Jury was not transcribed for weeks — and then only after the jury demanded that it be done.

"We were not successful until late in our term in interesting either the district attorney's office or the police department in tracking down many of the leads contained in the various reports," the report concluded.

Chief Short's reaction was immediate and explosive. "That's silly!" he said. "They don't know what they're doing!"

Vance said: "It's easy to pick to pieces and second guess the volumes of work done by so many different people. Hindsight is always 20-20." He said he had assigned one prosecutor to work exclusively on the case — the first time he had done such a thing since he had been district attorney. And Captain L. D. Morrison — Lieutenant Breck Porter's superior in the Homicide Department — said his department had not ended the investigation. "You never end something like this," he said.

As the weeks and months passed, the news about the murders centered on Henley and Brooks — but Corll loomed largest in the public mind. He was not forgotten. A Houston psychiatrist said, "I'd wager almost everyone in the city wished that Corll had survived Henley's bullets. He was dead before they got a chance to weigh him properly in their minds. They saw Henley and Brooks on television, but not Corll. Everything they read about him was second-hand. Thus, they can't put him in a proper niche. They are sure he was an ogre, but they can't satisfy themselves as to what kind. To judge him correctly, they feel that they should have had a chance to see him and to hear his voice. . ."

Corll, said the psychiatrist, still looms large in the public mind despite the news from Washington, troubles in the Middle East and the reality of the energy crisis. But it will be Henley and Brooks who will go to trial.

It was announced that Henley would go on trial in Judge William Hatten's 176th District Court on January 14, 1974; Brooks on March 4. The 164 seats in the courtroom would be divided among news media representatives, lawyers and other legal observers, and the public. The public would get 50 seats with the first four rows in the public sector reserved for families of murder victims.

More often than she likes to recall, when her son Greg has gone off to school and her husband has left for work, Dorothy Hilligiest puts on her coat and goes out of the house — to begin a day of looking for her son David. And then reality hits her.

"I don't have to look for David anymore. I know where he is now."

OTHER BEST-SELLING BOOKS FROM CORDOVAN PRESS. . .

The Oilmen, by Jay Obregon (\$1.50)

☐ A thrilling saga of modern Texas, of oil and the men who seek it. This is a NOW novel of the fight to provide oil for an energy-hungry nation. Paperback. \$1.80 by mail (includes postage, handling and sales tax).

Baptists and Bangtails, by Kent Demaret (\$1.95)

☐ The inside story of the long and bitter struggle between the Baptists and the Horsemen over pari-mutuel racing in Texas. A struggle replete with intrigues and political trickery. Paperback. \$2.25 by mail (includes postage, handling and sales tax).

Eyewitness, by Don Reid with John K. Gurwell (\$6.95)

☐ The amazing true story of Don Reid, who saw 189 men die in the electric chair. He became one of the world's greatest authorities on capital punishment, and in "Eyewitness" he tells you what you should know about this gravest of social issues. Hardcover. \$7.80 by mail (includes postage, handling and sales tax).

Executive Sweeties, by Melvin Grayson (\$5.95)

☐ With humor and candor, Grayson recounts his misadventures with 13 secretaries — the "Sweeties" — who drove him up the wall with their office antics and outside activities, including the romantic and political. Hardcover. \$6.75 by mail (includes postage, handling and sales tax).

If you are unable to obtain these books from your local dealer, they may be ordered directly from the publisher.

CORDOVAN PRESS
5314 Bingle Road
Houston, Texas 77018

Send me the books I have checked. I am enclosing the mailing price indicated, which includes postage, handling and sales tax.

Name

Street Address

City State Zip